

# Worldly Compliances

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The SECOND EDITION,

With ADDITIONS.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for D. JOB, at the *Spread-Eagle*, in *King-street*,  
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M. DCC. LIII.

Worldly Compliances

THE SECOND EDITION

BY J. D. O. N. S.



Printed for D. J. O. N. S. at the Printed Office, in King Street, London, W. C. 2. and at the Printed Office, in King Street, London, W. C. 2.



TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**H**AVING received a request lately from my friend in *London* for a second edition of *Worldly Compliances*, he assuring me all of the first edition were sold, and several inquiries made for more, I am encouraged to reprint this book with some additions; tho' I little expected such a request from the same friend who had sent me the following letter a few months after the publication of my first book.

“ Dear Sir,

**I** AM very sorry to give you so bad an account of the success of your book. I do assure you I have done all in my power to support it; but the run of the town is against it, and tho' several people liked it the first two days of its appearance, they afterwards joined in the rail against it, and there is no one *now* who dares speak a word in its favour. I am sorry you are like to be a loser by it, as I am satisfied you wrote it with a good intention.

tion. I will now give you an account of what particular people say of your book : In the first place the lady to whom it is dedicated is displeased with your making use of her name without her knowledge. The clergy in general resent your making free with their characters. Some say there are no such characters in life as you represent ; others say, they are so commonly seen in life there is no occasion to put them in writing. Some say it is *Outré*, others Common-place. Some that it is wrote with a good meaning, but ill-conducted ; others that it is very well wrote, but with a malicious design to hurt religion. Some find fault with the language, others with the names. Some say that your book concludes too abruptly, and that the speeches are too short. Some say it is odd, and others that it is common ; and there is no body but is glad to find some fault in it. To sum up all, the reviewers have treated it with the highest contempt, which absolutely prevents its sale to the country booksellers. I am sorry that your present circumstances oblige you to write, for the world is so whimsical, 'tis a very uncertain way of getting a livelihood : And in my opinion you take a wrong way of writing to please the world. You had better chuse any subject than religion. I am very plain with you, as you have engaged me to be sincere."

After receiving this account of Worldly Compliances, I only considered how to save money to purchase the unfold books, which should remain in my bookseller's hands at the end of two years, which I intended to present to ladies women, and valet-de-chambres, who I thought



thought would be most sensible of the perplexing tempers of the old nature, and upon that account relish the truths contained in my book : but this surprising news of the publick's desiring a second edition, removes this design for a much more pleasing one of reprinting it : and tho' my book is openly condemned, I *find* it has some secret friends, who think it may be of service in bringing people acquainted with themselves. My good characters are not designed as compliments, nor my bad ones as satires, upon any particular people, but only to shew forth the old and new nature in various forms.

I must now beg leave to make my apology to the publick for some mistakes I own myself justly condemned for, and also to clear my book of those aspersions which are unjust. I must beg pardon for putting my book under the protection of that noble lady, without asking her leave : this I thought wrong at the time, but was prevailed upon through the persuasion of a gentleman in my neighbourhood, who assured me, that lady had so much lenity in her temper, that if she found any thing in my book which might offend any of her acquaintance, she would prevent its being made publick ; and therefore advised me rather to trust her good-nature to excuse a poor man making use of her name for his own advantage, since what he wrote shewed a good design to promote religion. I have no excuse to make to the clergy ; for whoever of them is hurt by those characters I have drawn, answers one design of my book, which was to discover the old nature under various

rious disguises. The objection of my book being ill-conducted I lament, as I do its bad language, but hope neither will prejudice the reader against the truths therein contained. As to its being wrote with a malicious design to hurt religion, I absolutely deny it; my intent being to shew, that all that is bad proceeds from the old nature of *Adam*, and all that is good from the new nature of *Christ*, which *St. Paul* calls the *old* and *new man*.

As to the objections that contradict each other, they answer themselves.

As to the reviewers, I excuse all they say, being informed they condemn all spiritual writers who treat of the *old* and *new nature*. To discover this saving truth to one of my readers, will be a sufficient reward for all the contempt I may meet with from publishing this poor performance.

July 25, 1753.

J E R E M Y L E A F.



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# Worldly Compliances.

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*Dear Madam,*

**H**AVING received great pleasure in your correspondence this summer, I am desirous to make amends for the dulness of my letters, by sending you the private histories of three of my particular friends; which, I think, will fully settle the dispute between you and me, concerning Worldly Compliances.

*Ever Yours,*

*Bath, Sept. 20, 1751.*

*P. D.*

## *The History of the Lady Feliciana.*

**L**ADY *Feliciana* was the heiress of a noble family, educated in all the pomp and grandeur of life, and fond of every vanity to a high degree. Soon after she came of age, and mistress of her great fortune, she was won by the artful caresses of *Ambitiono*; a man of a beautiful person, and a mind perfectly accomplished in every polite science which renders the man of figure conspicuous in the world; to which was added so much art and address, that, it has been observed, he has never failed to accomplish every design he has pursued: but, alas! all his designs were confined to this world, and he regarded the praises of men more than the praise of God.

Imagine this couple (in appearance) living two years in the highest worldly felicity: but observe, in the midst of all this, the honest confession lady *Feliciana* makes to one of her sincere friends, whom

she could venture to trust, because she was in religion, had left the world, and had no interest to betray her.

*Discourse between Lady Feliciana and Lady Secludia.*

*Lady Feliciana.* My dear *Secludia*, I am the most envied woman upon earth, that you'll allow.

*Lady Secludia.* By all, I allow, except those who know the happiness we find in religion, which sets us above the world.

*Lady Feliciana.* I know nothing of your happiness; but I am sure, by experience, there is no worldly happiness: — there is none in beauty; for it can secure no man's heart for any certain time: — there is none in a large fortune; for that only serves to increase a number of false friends, who betray you to their own private views: — there is none in rich cloaths; for my gold and silver tire me: — there is none in vain show; for I observe many more ridicule than commend: — there is none in high birth; for I am obliged to watch the looks of every creature, for fear I should neglect a courtesy. — I see what I possess is the aim of every woman; and yet I am not happy with it. What is the reason?

*Lady Secludia.* My dear *Feliciana*, you are at present in a state wherein none ever was happy: you were born a fallen spirit, through the transgression of your first parents: you have happiness offered you through faith in Christ; which happiness, in this world, consists in being sensible our blessed Saviour has made atonement for our sins, and reconciled us to the favour of God; in our receiving the assistance of his holy Spirit to remove sin from our hearts, (which is the cause of all our misery); in our earnest desire to obey the will of God upon earth; in finding all our prayers answered; and in delighting to obey the rule of the holy scriptures; with the divine comforts which God pleases to vouchsafe to every sincere christian. This is the only path which leads to true happiness; every other way will deceive you.

*Lady Feliciana.* I believe my dear *Secludia* feels all she says, though I have no idea of this kind of happiness, but would give the world to think as you do.



Lady *Secludia*. I have been what you are; and, I am sure, you may be what I am.

Lady *Felician*a. Tell me how.

Lady *Secludia*. Take a christian life for your pattern. I will call you to church twice a day; I will give you books of devotion; I will tell you my rule of life. Trust me for a time: give up the world, while you are pursuing this happiness: make it your whole intention to obtain the christian faith. Faith is the gift of God, and will be obtained through prayer and a holy life. The meaning of a holy life is a sincere desire of doing, or omitting, every action of our lives, as we think it most pleasing or displeasing to God; in searching what is his will in the scriptures, and begging his grace to direct our understanding them; and a sure trust that God will enable us to perform all that he commands us to do.

Lady *Felician*a. You tell me you are happy in forsaking the world; I am miserable in it; therefore I will try after your happiness, tho' I despair of obtaining it.

Lady *Secludia*. Whoever will trust the christian faith so far, as to give up their false happiness, will soon obtain the true: but we cannot have these two pursuits in our mind at once; I cannot desire to please God, and have any regard to please the world; for, I know, if my design is to please God (his pleasure ought to please every reasonable creature) therefore I must not regard the false opinions of the world. Learn this maxim, be earnest in pleasing God, and indifferent to the world, and all things will go well in your own breast.

Lady *Felician*a. This hope, my dear *Secludia*, wins me to your party.

Now suppose lady *Felician*a one fortnight in the christian rule of life; wherein she finds that comfort, she had in vain pursued through all her worldly scenes. She grows impatient for *Ambition*'s return from the country, that she may acquaint him with this great truth; being fully persuaded, he will receive it with the same ingenuity as she had done; but to her great surprize, *Ambition* big with politick schemes scarcely attends to what she tells him; says he is glad to hear she is happy, and in a hurry dresses for court.

She takes every opportunity of repeating this truth, which he bears patiently at first, and then grows angry; upon which, she forbears speaking for a time. As he was a man of great consequence in the world, and continually employed, a month passed on in this manner without notice; when one day lady *Feliciana*, to her great surprize, found no person at dinner but *Ambitiono*; as soon as the servants were dismissed, he began to discourse this matter with her, and, in a resolute tone, told her,

*Ambitiono*. Madam, I can't suffer you to live in this manner; you expose me as well as yourself: don't let me see any prayer-books lying about: why don't you dress as you used to do? and, I must tell you, if you intend to go on in this hypocritical way, I won't live with you.

Lady *Feliciana*. I am very sorry to see you uneasy at what makes me happy; but, as my happiness is eternal, I can't part with it.

*Ambitiono*. Then I see you are determined to break my heart, and will not regard a word I say: — but you'll find I am your best friend.

Lady *Feliciana*. There is nothing I desire so much as to see you as happy as myself.

*Ambitiono* leaves the room in a passion: lady *Feliciana* silently prays to God to direct her right, and is now convinced of the opposition the love of the world makes to the christian faith.

For three months after this conversation, lady *Feliciana* never saw *Ambitiono* in a good humour. She tried all ways to please him (except what concerned her religion) but found it all in vain; every thing she did was wrong taken, and nothing would satisfy, but going into the world again.

Now observe *Ambitiono* in another light. He grows civil to lady *Feliciana*, and carries her with him to his country-seat; puts on an artful good humour, and tries to divert her in things she approves: he permits her cloathing several of his poor tenants, and employing them in a proper way: he does not forbid her giving good books, and lets the parson of the parish read short prayers once a day to the family: he proposes several little expeditions, to take a view of the neighbouring countries: he never mentions any thing contrary to



to her religion: and, by every art, tries to engage her affections. After two months spent in this delusive scheme, he introduces dean *Lucre*; a man whose religion is all confined to this world; one of great ingenuity and heathen learning; polite, good-humoured; in short, a genteel, moral clergyman. *Ambitiono* (who is an absolute unbeliever) hopes, by introducing a man of this character, to influence the mind of lady *Feliciano* to approve of his religion, and quit her own rigid opinions. He soon finds an opportunity to leave the dean alone with lady *Feliciano*, who, observing *Ambitiono* had quitted the room, immediately begins a discourse upon religion.

Lady *Feliciano*. Give me leave, mr. dean, to ask your opinion of the third chapter of St. *John's* gospel?

Dean *Lucre*. St. *John's* gospel, madam! what is your opinion of it?

Lady *Feliciano*. I think, this chapter teaches us, a man may be learned in the scriptures, believe in the miracles of our Saviour, and yet have no saving faith; as we find was the case of *Nicodemus*, who could not understand how a man should be born a second time.

Dean *Lucre*. Born a second time! what do you apprehend from that, madam?

Lady *Feliciano*. I apprehend, that, as we are, by nature, born the children of *Adam*, so, by spiritual regeneration, we are again born of the nature of Christ, and made the children of God.

Dean *Lucre*. Regeneration, madam, we hold to be received in baptism.

Lady *Feliciano*. That I can't allow: because I see the same wicked nature prevail in those who have been baptized, as I see in *Turks* and heathens: neither are persons sensible of their own corrupt nature, 'till they become regenerate, which state discovers to them their sinful nature.

Dean *Lucre*. These things I believe, madam, are, a good deal, owing to fancy; religion is a thing to be practised, not to be talked of.

Lady *Feliciano*. The christian faith, mr. dean, is like a city set on a hill; it cannot be hid; it will shew itself both in our words and actions. I think it a sure mark that faith is not true which we are unwilling to speak of.

Dean

Dean *Lucre*. Faith, undoubtedly, is very necessary; but worldly duties must not be neglected; and innocent amusements, by way of keeping up a friendship with the world, are very proper for a christian.

Lady *Felician*a. Undoubtedly, we ought to love every creature as ourselves, and try all ways to persuade them to become believers in Christ,

Dean *Lucre*. But all will not bear such serious subjects, and the mind requires a little relaxation and innocent amusements.

Lady *Felician*a. Pray, mr. dean, what do you call innocent amusements?

Dean *Lucre*. What objection has your ladyship to a good play? there is instruction in it.

Lady *Felician*a. A christian, in my sense, never wants amusements; their religion is their pleasure, and their instruction they find in the scriptures: in plays they hear several things contrary to the christian religion; neither can they give their time, or money, to the encouragement of a heathen diversion, and nursery of a profligate set of people, who might become good christians, were they not actors on the stage; but, while they remain so, are incapable of living christian lives; so that, if they receive the christian faith, they must immediately leave the stage.

Dean *Lucre*. Then, madam, are you determined never to see another play?

Lady *Felician*a. No, not 'till I turn heathen.

Dean *Lucre*. Well, madam, we will put plays out of the question; but you can't object to an innocent game at cards, to amuse your sick friends.

Lady *Felician*a. Gaming has such fatal consequences, that I dare not support it in the least degree: neither can I allow it an amusement, but rather a gratification of a covetous humour; for no game will amuse, unless you play for money.

Dean *Lucre*. What does your ladyship think of a ball, with chosen company, and the mothers sitting by? you can have no objection to such an amusement.

Lady *Felician*a. The most favourable construction you can make of a ball, is, that it fills the minds of young people with vanity, and encourages them to set a value upon a few antick motions; and, what



what is worse, I have never seen a ball without a design or a quarrel: and, to shew it is not an innocent amusement, there is no lover can bear to see his mistress dance with any other man.

Dean *Lucre*. I will name you one amusement you can't object to, and that is a private concert, performed at the house of a person of fashion, of unblemished character.

Lady *Felician*a. If the musick is only directed to animate our praise or prayer to God, I think it agreeable to the christian mind: but, if this praise is given to a heathen *Jupiter*, or a beautiful *Phyllis*; if I ask my happiness of an *Artaxerxes*, or my life of *Lindamira*; I think it no better than worshipping of idols.

Dean *Lucre*. Oh! madam, they don't mean any thing in those songs, 'tis only to amuse.

Lady *Felician*a. Sure no person of sense can be amused with words, or even sounds, without a meaning.

Dean *Lucre*. What, if half a dozen people of wit and humour should meet at my house, to kill two or three hours with innocent conversation, without speaking of religion, could you scruple to make one in this party?

Lady *Felician*a. A christian has this rule for conversation, Let it be to the use of edifying, that it may administer grace to the hearers. But how will you make your conversation edifying, or innocent, if you exclude religious subjects? Who can make a story entertaining, if they strictly observe truth? Where is the witty repartee without malice? Who can speak of themselves without vanity, or pass an evening in this polite conversation, without injuring somebody's character? I think time too precious to be wasted in this manner, and must beg to be excused.

Dean *Lucre*. Madam, the world won't bear these particularities; and you don't consider how you injure *Ambition*'s character in the world, by not complying with its ways.

Lady *Felician*a. I am very sorry the world is so contrary to the rule I follow, which is that of the holy scriptures.

Dean *Lucre*. Madam, the scriptures are not to be taken in a literal sense.

Lady *Felician*a. Is not the scripture the law of God? and are we not to observe it as such? how do you understand the laws of the

the land? would you tell a robber the laws are not to be taken in the literal sense, and therefore he may safely pick a pocket?

Dean *Lucre*. But, madam, if you put an end to all publick diversions, numbers will be ruined, and their families starved.

Lady *Feliciana*. I apprehend our laws are such, no-body need starve, if they will submit to a mean way of life; and I think their eternal interest of so much more consequence than any thing can happen to them in this world, that it is better for them to carry burthens, than perform upon publick theatres.

Dean *Lucre* begins to feel his temper so ruffled with this discourse, that he retires without another reply; he walks into the garden, where he meets *Ambitiono*, who accosts him in the following manner:

*Ambitiono*. My dear friend, what is your success? I am impatient to hear.

Dean *Lucre*. I fear lady *Feliciana* is so fix'd in her opinions, that it will be impossible to bring her back into the world again.

*Ambitiono*. Is it not extraordinary a woman of her sense can take these whims? There never was a woman more engaging to the world, or agreeable to a husband, than *Feliciana*: her person beautiful; her turn of conversation elegant and sprightly; her judgment sound; and her behaviour prudent in all respects, but this of religion. I could trust her in every thing: whatever affair, either of pleasure or business, I have desired her to conduct, has more than answered my wishes. But this cursed religion ruins all my happiness; I can't bear it!

Dean *Lucre*. My lord, I hope, after a little time, you will make this matter easy to you; consider how few happy marriages there are in the world; if you can keep this affair secret, that your character may not suffer by it, that is the chief point.

*Ambitiono*. For my own part, I could like her very well with the religion she has, was it not for the opinion of the world; but I know the world will not bear a man should suffer any true religion in his family, tho' some few approve the show of it.

Dean *Lucre*. Now let me tell you my opinion of a religion which gives no offence in the world: a lady of fashion may go to church every Sunday morning, take the sacrament three times a year, may



go to prayers all the passion-week (if she is in town); if she never speaks of religion in company, nor scruples play on *Sunday* evenings, and forbids nursery-maids talking religion to her children; such a religion passes without censure in the world: but more they will not bear, and more I never preach.

*Ambitiono.* My dear dean, tell me what is it people mean by having a religion, which makes every body their enemy? you would be surprized to hear what I have suffer'd upon the account of lady *Felician's* religion; for a whole month after she left going to publick places, I never entered an assembly, but her friends came crowding about me, to ask what was the reason of lady *Felician's* becoming religious, and going to church twice in a day, and sitting up all night at her prayers: and again, my own friends wondered I would suffer this religion in my wife, and not shew myself master: and some cast the reflection upon me; in short, I found my character suffer so much, it urged me to behave in such a rude manner, and say things to her, I never thought of saying.

Dean *Lucre.* My lord, this religion, which provokes the present world, is only the old primitive christianity revived; which was very right in those times, but our modern clergy have brought religion upon another footing: what we preach *now*, resembles more the *Greek* and *Roman* maxims; as much as we can, we lay aside the christian faith; at *Christmas* and *Easter*, indeed, we are obliged to mention it: at all other times we aim at nothing higher than morality. The art of preaching, in short, is to send away every particular hearer satisfied with their own conduct, and pleased with the preacher.

*Ambitiono.* My dear friend, I am charmed with your honest confession; pray tell me, what is the difference between a primitive christian (as you call them) and a *Roman* philosopher?

Dean *Lucre.* A philosopher is a man who concludes, from considering the wonderful frame of the heavens, and the beautiful product of the earth, there must be an almighty superior Being, who created man; and (he thinks) indued him with reason sufficient to govern his passions, and direct him to tread in the paths of virtue; but then, observing that virtue was a bar to obtaining the riches and honours of this world, wherein the knave has the advantage, reason

C. behoves you to show him tells

tells him, there must be a future state, wherein virtue shall be rewarded, and vice punished.

*Ambitiono.* I must differ with your philosopher in regard to the power reason has in governing the passions; for, I find, if I have a strong desire for any thing ever so unreasonable, my reason assists me to obtain it, and will also find excuses to satisfy the world and my own mind it is right for me to pursue my pleasures: tho' my reason sees my conduct very wrong in others, yet it can always make an excuse for myself; I see my reason partial to my vices, therefore I think reason will never subdue my passions; if ever I become a lover of virtue, and despise riches and honours, I believe I must be born again, as my lady *Feliciano* says! I think I have silenced your philosopher; now let me encounter your primitive christian: what has he to say?

Dean *Lucre*. The primitive christians, my lord, were a poor despised people, with a particular set of notions; they never attained honours or wealth, 'till they gave into the *Roman* politicks; afterwards the church became considerable, and kings and great men took the name of christians.

*Ambitiono.* Tell me what was their particular set of notions?

Dean *Lucre*. The primitive christians, we are told, forsook all their pursuits in this world, to follow the doctrines of Christ, whom they believed to be God, and thought he would give them power to conquer sin; and that, if they prayed to him, he would change all their worldly tempers into heavenly, and make them despise themselves for ever having placed their happiness in this world: they looked upon death as a release from misery, and the entrance into eternal happiness; they firmly believed all their sins were pardoned, because Christ died for them, and all believers; they pretended to experience heavenly joys in this life; they thought the merits of Christ's holy life were imputed to them; they loved their enemies, and such as used them spitefully they would pray might be forgiven; they did not pretend they could do any good in their own strength, but every thing thro' prayer to Christ; in which exercise, and singing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, they spent the greatest part of their time; they took the scriptures in the literal sense; and, as they strictly made them their rule of life, were a particular sort of people the world always avoided.

*Ambitiono.*



*Ambitiono.* Mr. dean, I am of your opinion, that lady *Felician*a's religion is the same with these primitive christians; it has certainly changed her temper, and made her despise the world; if I could persuade myself to part with my beloved sins, I would embrace this religion, but at present the world prevails with me.

Dean *Lucre.* I don't find my religion takes the love of the world out of my heart; I can enjoy the world as much as any heathen.

*Ambitiono.* Why, my dear dean, you are a heathen; you don't believe any change of heart, and being born a second time; you have too much sense.

Dean *Lucre.* I believe, my lord, your *Star* and my *Scarf* cover much the same heart, and the same faith: but come, let us lay aside this subject, I don't love to talk of religion: can I be of any service to you in settling this affair with lady *Felician*a?

*Ambitiono.* Give me your opinion what I had best do?

Dean *Lucre.* As lady *Felician*a's principles are so particular, and may do great hurt in the world, by bringing a reproach upon the clergy, as well as hindering your success in the world; I think the best way is to hide her at her own estate in *Cornwall*, where she may live concealed, with proper management; want of health may be the pretence; I can prevail with doctor *Pliable* to find out a new water near the place, which he may send her to, and that always passes upon the world.

*Ambitiono.* My dear dean, you shall be a bishop for this thought.

It was soon after determined lady *Felician*a should take her journey to *Cornwall*; in which she acquiesced with a great deal of pleasure, and with some hopes her dear *Ambitiono* would in time grow weary of the world, and chuse to retire with her, and give up the remainder of his time in pursuit of eternal happiness.

*The History of Realletta, Daughter to Lady Prudentia.*

LADY *Prudentia*, in her youth, had been much admired, by some, for a great beauty, and was one of those girls entirely guided by fashion: she had many lovers, but not one really so, except *Constantio*, who followed her several winters, and, at that frightful age of thirty, she was prevailed upon to become his wife. A few years after their marriage, they found it convenient to retire to their seat in the north, where she lived a mortified life ten years, at the end of which *Constantio* died. After a decent time given to grief, she brings the beautiful *Realletta* up to *London*, where she determines to spend the remainder of her days in pleasure; and, if possible, to marry *Realletta* to a young man of quality. *Realletta* was in her eighteenth year; she had a very beautiful person, good sense, a remarkable sweet temper, and free from all disguise.

Among many old friends who came to visit lady *Prudentia*, lady *Fidelia* was the most remarkable, chusing to come to her when she was alone. One morning, when the young *Realletta* was sitting by her mother, lady *Fidelia* came in with a smile upon her face, of which lady *Prudentia* asked the reason.

Lady *Fidelia*. My dear old friend, that glass was the occasion of my smile; I was struck with the difference of my own figure, since you saw me last, and imagined your surprize at the alteration you would see in me.

Lady *Prudentia*. The smoke of *London*, and late hours, ruin the complexion; you don't see my complexion much worse than when you saw me last.

Lady *Fidelia*. I hope, that neither of us now think of complexions, or charming, any longer. Oh! 'tis a great pleasure to get beyond the vanities of this life, and to have our minds fixed upon that happiness which is to last for ever. I find greater joy in religion than ever I found in the world.

Lady *Prudentia*. I don't apprehend, madam, that religion hinders us from enjoying any of the innocent pleasures of the world; and, I think, while we have health, we are never too old for amusements: this world is given us to enjoy.

Lady



*Lady Fidelia.* I look upon this life rather as a trial, than a pleasure ; upon myself as a condemned criminal, 'till I have received my pardon through faith in Christ ; and afterwards, as a rebel, accepted with my prince, according as he finds me faithful to him.

*Lady Prudentia.* Pray, madam, have you changed your religion, since I saw you ? You were not used to talk at this rate ; I am sure you were fonder of the world than ever I was.

*Lady Fidelia.* I certainly was very fond of the world, 'till I perceived that was the enemy which hindered my obtaining the christian faith. When I began to consider I had but a short time to live in this world, I thought it proper to search after that happiness which is eternal : the death I once so much dreaded, now represents to my thoughts a glorious scene of pleasure beyond its gates ; to those unseen delights I now direct all my views in life.

*Lady Prudentia.* Madam, you are your own mistress ; you may do as you please ; but I have duties in life which I must not neglect : I have a daughter I must see well married ; for which reason I must keep up a friendship with the world, and my religion must be what the world approves.

*Lady Fidelia.* Did we weigh the value of time, and of what consequence every day may be to our eternal happiness, sure we could never lead a young creature we love into that scene of vanity, of which the best we can say is, that it is designed to kill the hours which are so precious.

*Lady Prudentia.* Pray, madam, what are all these good things, that God gives his creatures, designed for, if we are not to enjoy them ? Are we to shut up our eyes and our ears, and live like martyrs that are to be put to death the next day ? Thank God ! this is not the age of a suffering religion : we are now allowed to enjoy this world and be chearful, and we ought to make religion agreeable to young people : such a religion as you talk of would frighten them, and make them have no religion at all.

*Lady Fidelia.* These good things of the world, which God gives us, are, to the corrupt nature, snares and temptations ; and what was designed for blessings to man innocent, are become a curse to the fallen nature : therefore, when our Redeemer came upon earth, he would have none of these things the world values ; he took upon him no worldly grandeur ; he was called the carpenter's

penter's son, and had not where to lay his head: and his followers must be meek and lowly in spirit; and, in their affections, forsake all their worldly treasures, and look upon this world as dross and dung, that they may win Christ.

*Lady Prudentia.* How could the world go on, if every body was to think as you do?

*Lady Fidelia.* I think we should be a far happier people, were we all believers in Christ, and lived christian lives.

*Lady Prudentia.* But pray, madam, if no-body is to be saved, except they live in your strict way, what is to become of all the rest of mankind?

*Lady Fidelia.* I say, no-body is happy, but in the degree their nature is changed: while we keep our sins, we keep our miseries, and cherish a hell in our own breasts; and should be no more happy in heaven, might we be admitted there, than we feel ourselves now in a life of devotion, which you seem to think so impracticable in this world.

*Lady Prudentia.* I doubt your christian scheme would starve many families: you don't consider how many trades are supported by vanity.

*Lady Fidelia.* I believe, if we consider this affair, we shall find all those trades, which depend upon fashion, have ruined more than they have supported: and, was trade confined to useful things only, it would be more advantageous to the nation in general.

*Lady Prudentia.* I beg, madam, you and I may not pretend to settle the nation; we will leave that to the parliament; and so, madam, your servant, for I see it is time to call lady *Faddle* to the sale. I suppose now you think me a worldly creature, to spend two hours in chusing a bit of china that is not useful. Well, your servant. *Realletta*, I would have you dress to-day after the fashion of lady *Betty All-airs*. Be sure you are ready for the company I have asked to dinner.

[*Lady Prudentia goes out.*]

*Realletta.* I am sorry to find mamma thinks she must neglect her duty to God, upon my account; I desire nothing so much as to be a good christian, and hope she will never force me to marry, for I would rather live retired, and give up my time to religion. I shall



shall be thankful to lady *Fidelia*, if she will inform me of the christian faith, for I am very ignorant.

*Lady Fidelia.* A sincere desire to believe what God commands us to believe will soon bring us to the truth. Faith is the gift of God, and will be obtained by prayer.

*Realletta.* I perceive, then, prayer is the desire of the heart, and that God will give me power to obey all his commands, if I ask it of him. Pray tell me, what is that love of the world I am commanded in scripture not to have?

*Lady Fidelia.* There are two sorts of people; believers in Christ, who are said not to be of this world, because they place their happiness in their Saviour, and that spiritual kingdom he gives them; unbelievers are such people who place their happiness in this world, and have no joy in religion. These last are the people who invent many ways to employ the mind, and divert it from serious thoughts; they laugh at those who pretend to love God, say they delight to apprehend the joy of his presence continually in their minds, and are fearful of every thing which will rob them of their spiritual comfort; they say no-body can be always thinking of God, it would drive them mad; and, by way of making them forget God, they invent such sorts of amusements, where it would be absurd to speak of God. These people appear to the believer really mad; they dress themselves in strange ridiculous dresses; are always affecting mirth in the midst of a sad miserable life; and most resemble a set of fools dancing over their graves. All that these people have invented is the world you have to avoid. If you take the scriptures for your rule of life, they will be a certain guide to you in all events.

*Realletta.* I desire no worldly amusements, they are disagreeable to me; tell me how far I may submit to them, in order to please mamma?

*Lady Fidelia.* The christian faith makes such a change in the heart, that it will be impossible for you to please a worldly mother. 'Tis as necessary to have the spirit of the world to make us agreeable in it, as it is necessary to have the spirit of devotion to make our prayers accepted with God: and therefore all you have to do, in regard to your mother's commands, is to shew her the christian temper, and keep stedfast to the rule of the scriptures.

*Realletta.*

*Realletta.* This trial I met with to-day; *St. Paul* tells me I must put on modest apparel; my mother commands me to dress after lady *Betty All-airs*: I can't think her dress modest; what shall I do?

*Lady Fidelia.* I think you must put your cap upon your head, your handkerchief upon your neck, your gown upon your shoulders, and a hoop no wider than the door.

*Realletta.* I am sure mamma won't bear me in her sight in such a dress as you describe; but I'll observe *St. Paul's* advice, and dress modest, tho' I suffer for it; if mamma bids me go to a *ridotto*, tell me what I must say to excuse myself?

*Lady Fidelia.* Tell her *St. Paul* mentions revellings in the catalogue of those sins which exclude us from entering the kingdom of heaven; and she must own, *ridotto's*, masquerades, drums, *Ranelagh*, *Vaux-ball*, &c. come under the article of revellings.

*Realletta.* What must I say, when she bids me go to spend the evening with young ladies in worldly chat? which consists of bragging, ridicule, singing *French* songs, telling love-tales, and talking of dresses.

*Lady Fidelia.* I think you may tell her, this conversation is that foolish talking and jesting forbid in scripture.

*Realletta.* Mamma has often bid me read the scriptures, and what I find there I hope she will permit me to observe.

*Lady Fidelia* takes her leave. *Realletta* dress'd in modest apparel is ready to attend her mother's company, who leave her at seven: as soon as she found herself alone with *Realletta*, in an angry tone of voice, she begins to chide her for her dress and behaviour.

*Lady Prudentia.* Child! what is it you mean by contradicting my orders? do you think yourself dress'd in the fashion? why I should take you for a *Quaker*; what a sanctified look you put on! you have behaved in such a manner to the company, I have been dying with shame for you; when any body speaks to you, you seem like a person waked out of a dream. I was afraid, sometimes, the company would think you were saying your prayers: what must the world think of me to see you behave in this manner?

I sup-



I suppose you have been talking with my lady *Fidelia*, and intend to follow her fashions.

*Realletta*. I am very sorry, madam, my behaviour displeases you; should I not dress in modest apparel, avoid foolish talking and jesting, and follow the rule of the scriptures?

*Lady Prudentia*. You impudent hussy! do you pretend to take the scripture for your rule of life? 'tis what no-body of fashion does now: if you pretend to have a grain of religion more than myself, I will turn you out of my house; don't let me see any more of these puritan airs; and, pray, when I take you to church on *Sunday*, look about you, and mind who curtsies to you, look gay, and smile at your acquaintance, and seem as if you did not think of religion.

*Realletta*. I thought the reason of our going to church was to unite all our earnest desires in prayer, for the grace of God to purify our corrupt hearts, and to praise him for all the blessings we receive; I should hope every person does receive some spiritual advantage in coming to church; if I pray for my acquaintance, sure that is kinder than returning their foolish ceremonies.

*Lady Prudentia*. Get you out of my sight this instant; let me see no more of you, 'till you think of religion as I would have you.

[*Realletta leaves the room in tears.*]

*Enter mrs. Patchup.*

*Mrs. Patchup*. Madam, What is the matter with miss *Realletta*? I met her in tears.

*Lady Prudentia*. Why, madam, this is a sad case; I had flattered myself with hopes of marrying the girl great; and she has taken to religion, which, you know, will ruin her, in the opinion of the world.

*Mrs. Patchup*. I am sure, now-a-days, there is nothing a man dreads so much as a religious wife; you must rout her out of this fancy; can't you persuade her to go to publick places?

*Lady Prudentia*. She seems so fixed in her opinions, and so calm, I dread the consequence. I fear I shall never get any body to have her.

*Mrs. Patchup*. Why, there's lord *Dupe* has a vast estate; his father wants to marry him to a sober woman, that will play at cards

with him and my lady; 'tis true, he is a distempered young man, has a weak understanding, is a little turned in his head; but she'll be a lady! I know his family want excessively to marry him at this time, for fear he should marry his mistress: if you like this match, I will propose it; let us hear what *Realletta* will say to it, for it will be ridiculous to propose it, and have her refuse afterwards.

*Lady Prudentia.* She consent! she shall consent.

[*She sends for Realletta.*

*Enter Realletta.*

*Lady Prudentia.* *Realletta*, how do you do, child? is your head better? your good friend *Mrs. Patchup* desires to see you; you are vastly obliged to her, I assure you; she has proposed a great match for you, far beyond what I expected; a man of quality, with ten thousand pounds a year; a fine house in town, and another in the country, both richly furnished. I am sure, my dear child, you will comply with my commands, in accepting this advantageous offer.

*Realletta.* Is he a christian?

*Lady Prudentia.* A christian! what have you to do with a christian? get you out of my sight.

[*Realletta goes out of the room.*

*Mrs. Patchup.* Madam, I think you are a little too sharp with *Miss*; suppose you tried a mild behaviour; some tempers will be persuaded to do as we would have them, that will not be drove to it; let us try if we can draw her into the world; let us steal away her good books; put *Tom Tones*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and such diverting books in her way: if you send for doctor *Pliable*, I will give him a hint to say she is not well, and to order her physick of a *Sunday*, to keep her from church: you must surprize her into amusements; she will like the world well enough, when she is in it: if you will give me leave, I will talk to *Miss* of duties in life.

*Lady Prudentia.* You may, if you please: but, I think, the girl is entirely spoiled by religion, and will never make any figure in the world.

*Mrs. Patchup goes to Realletta.*

*Mrs. Patchup.* Come, *Miss*, dry up your tears, your mamma has forgiven you, upon condition you will behave for the future as a good



good daughter: your mamma, child, knows the world better than you do; and that a woman is no-body, if she has not acquaintance, and is not known at all great assemblies; you had better comply with your mamma in all these things; you are always safe, when she is with you; 'tis upon your account she goes to publick places.

*Realletta.* I am very sorry mamma should order me to do any thing the scripture forbids; sure these publick places are not pleasing to God; for, if I dress myself like a christian, she tells me I shall make a ridiculous figure, and she is ashamed to take me with her.

*Mrs. Patchup.* I hope, miss, you would be dressed like other people: no-body dresses better than your mamma, who, with her agreeable manner and *compliances* with the world, charms at fifty-five.

*Realletta.* I don't pretend to find fault with mamma; she must do as she pleases; but, for my part, I desire to shew the christian in all my behaviour; if I can please God, I shall be easy as to the opinion of the world.

*Mrs. Patchup.* Pray, miss, have you forgot the fifth command? *Honour your father and mother, that your days may be long in the land.*

*Realletta.* I hope I shall always respect and honour mamma, and obey her commands in every thing that is not contrary to the scriptures; but I must not let the love of my mother lead me into sin; for my Saviour says, Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.

*Mrs. Patchup.* Sure that can never be religion which encourages children to disobey their parents; sure, child, you mistake the scriptures; I don't believe there is any such text about not loving fathers and mothers.

*Realletta.* I would advise you, *mrs. Patchup*, to begin the new testament, and read it quite through; you will find a great many more christian duties there, perhaps, than you imagine.

*Mrs. Patchup.* Indeed, miss, I am not come to learn religion of you; I shall keep to the religion I was born in; I will never be a Scribe and a Pharisee, indeed not I; and so your servant, miss.

*Mrs. Patchup returns to lady Prudentia, where she finds lady Fidelia.*

*Lady Prudentia.* I am glad, *Patchup*, you are returned, for lady *Fidelia* has preached me almost asleep; she says we are not christians 'till we believe in Christ.

Mrs. *Patchup*. I think, madam, we are all christians who are born in a christian country.

Lady *Prudentia*. No, no, *Patchup*, there you are mistaken; *Jews* are born in a christian country: but, I say, we are made christians, when we have a christian name given us.

Mrs. *Patchup*. How can a name make me a christian?

Lady *Prudentia*. You talk simply; you don't know what a christian is: now let me tell you what a christian is: a christian is a person who has been baptised, confirmed, and received the sacrament.

Mrs. *Patchup*. A christian then may rob on the highway; for the man who robbed the last mail was baptised, confirmed, and had received the sacrament, to my certain knowledge.

Lady *Prudentia*. Pray, mrs. *Patchup*, don't judge your neighbours: how can you pretend to say, the man that robbed the mail was no christian? I am apt to think, if you had asked him, if he had been a christian, he would have told you he was.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Sure *Turks* and *Jews* would make as good christians as these: the Lord deliver me from such christians as rob upon the highway.

Lady *Prudentia*. Lady *Fidelia*, give us your opinion of a christian; there is no bearing *Patchup*'s nonsense about it.

Lady *Fidelia*. I think a name, as mrs. *Patchup* observes, can never make a christian, any more than taking the name of any noble family will make me one of that family. I can only, truly, call myself of that family of which I was born. The christian name supposes me to be of the family of Christ, but does not really make me so; I must be born of the nature of Christ, before I am, truly, one of his family. A regenerate christian cannot rob upon the highway; for his tempers must be such as are described in the fifth chapter of *Galatians*, verse 22. Regenerate godfathers and godmothers, indeed, promise for the child, 'till it knows how to chuse the good and refuse the evil; (because they believe, if the child dies, before it has power to resist the operation of divine grace, that the grace of God will change the nature of the child, and make it fit for the kingdom of heaven :) and they further promise to teach the child (if it lives to an age of apprehension) the christian faith, the power of which they experience in themselves. They know, by divine grace, they now believe all the

articles



articles of the apostles creed ; and, by the same divine Spirit, have been enabled to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil : and they can promise to teach the child, how it may attain all that spiritual victory they have attained themselves, for the grace of God is promised to all who ask for it : but, if the child will not listen to them, and will continue in his natural state, they dare not bring it to the bishop to be confirmed in a faith it has not. But I would advise you both to read over the publick baptism of infants, which will inform you what a solemn vow the christian makes of renouncing the world with all its vanities.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Read over their vow in baptism ! do you mean the christening service ? why, that is not in my prayer-book.

Lady *Fidelia*. Mrs. *Patchup*, can you say your catechism ? Is that in your prayer-book ?

Mrs. *Patchup*. Madam, I could have said it, but other things have put it out of my head now.

Lady *Fidelia*. 'Tis pity people confine all their views to this short life ; I hope you will both consider these points. Your servant. *(Exit lady Fidelia.)*

Lady *Prudentia*. Oh ! I am glad lady *Fidelia* is gone ; I love her vastly, but I can't bear her religion.

Mrs. *Patchup*. I am sure, madam, she makes you dull whenever she comes ; I wish you would give an order to your porter never to let her or her religion into your house more.

Lady *Prudentia*. I find I must take your advice ; well, you may tell the porter never to let her in again. I find myself all over nerves, pray call for the hartshorn-drops.

Religion became every day more odious to lady *Prudentia*, and her aversion became insurmountable to *Realletta*, who continued firm in her resolution of following the rules of the scriptures : they tried all ways to draw her into the world ; but, every design proving ineffectual, at last it was agreed, that she should be sent, by the advice of doctor *Pliable*, to drink the waters lately found in *Cornwall*. She was placed with an old superannuated grandmother, where she was to abide 'till she would comply with the customs of the world, and forsake her primitive religion.

*The History of Honorio and Sophia.*

**H**ONORIO and his sister *Sophia* were left very young to the care of guardians, their parents dying within two months of each other : they had the best education given them, in regard to every thing belonging to this world, but as to religion that was not thought of. *Honorio* at the age of eighteen was sent to travel : lady *Sophia*, who was two years younger, lived with lady *Please-all* her aunt, who had two very beautiful daughters, who were continually making conquests among the young men. Lady *Sophia* was sensible she had no charms in her person ; but, as her mind was accomplished, she found it agreeable to converse with the graver sort. Several people of sense frequented her aunt's drawing-room, as well as many gay fluttering people. It happened, one evening, the conversation turned upon the variety of opinions in the christian religion. Lady *Sophia*, who was always furnished with something to say upon every other subject, found herself deficient here, which piqued her to inform herself upon the subject of religion ; she read several books of controversy, but having an excellent understanding, she soon perceived that whoever wrote upon the christian religion appealed to the scriptures for the support of their arguments ; she, therefore, set herself to read the scriptures with the greatest attention : going soon after into the country gave her a favourable opportunity of spending several hours every day in this important study. The observation she made, was, that the whole of the scriptures were repeated declarations of the mercy of God, in providing for us a happiness beyond our comprehension, in the redemption of mankind by our Lord Jesus Christ. She found a particular satisfaction in the study of the scriptures, which she had never felt in the study of any worldly science. She would often say, our Saviour proved himself to be God, by every word that proceeded out of his mouth, as well as by his great miracles and forgiving sins : she found a witness in her own heart, proving his commands to be divine. — One evening, after the family returned to *London*, she had the pleasure to see the famous *Contesto*, who had wrote upon religion, enter her aunt's drawing-room : she soon made herself of his party. The discourse



discourse turning upon the last book he had published, she was desired to give her sentiments of it.

*Lady Sophia.* I hope the wise *Contesto* will excuse me, if I differ from him in one particular, since I approve all the rest of his book. I think you place too much power in the fallen nature; doing right seems peculiar to the life of grace.

*Contesto.* I think, madam, I can support my opinion, if you admit of free-will in man: here is right and wrong set before me, 'tis in my power to chuse the good and refuse the evil.

*Lady Sophia.* In scripture I find the evil I am to avoid is part of myself; and all the good I aim to do, receives a tincture of evil from the pride that accompanies my good actions: and how to be delivered from this evil of pride I know not, 'till I pray to God to take it out of my heart, and to give me a just opinion of my fallen nature.

*Contesto.* Madam, if man is incapable of doing right, you make God the author of sin.

*Lady Sophia.* No, not so; for, by his wise decree, all must be born the children of *Adam* and partakers of his sin: but God, in his mercy, restores us to righteousness, when we are willing to resign our sinful nature; and, therefore, God is so far from being the author of sin, that 'tis he alone that can take sin out of our hearts.

*Contesto.* But, madam, how can man be accountable for his actions, if he has no power to do good?

*Lady Sophia.* If I am lame, I have no power to walk; but, if a remedy is given me for to cure my lameness, I have power to take it; and, therefore, shall be accountable for refusing the remedy, and also for the bad consequences which may ensue from my not walking.

*Contesto.* But how are you sure the remedy will cure your lameness?

*Lady Sophia.* That must depend upon my faith in the person who offers it. I do believe, from scripture, that God has given me a promise to enable me to love what is right, tho' by nature I love what is wrong; for, if I did not, there would be no contradiction in my will to the will of God.

*Contesto.*

*Contesto.* I apprehend virtue is a habit: if a man uses himself to do right, in time he will come to like it.

*Lady Sophia.* I think, tho' custom is a second nature, it cannot be depended upon, for a strong temptation often prevails over habit; and I never can, by habit, get the better of desiring the good opinion of the world, for it is the vice of the fallen nature to set up itself in the opinion of those it esteems.

*Contesto.* How can you call love of esteem a vice? I take it to be a laudable virtue, and the motive of many great actions.

*Lady Sophia.* If I have a just opinion of myself, I shall not desire esteem to be given me for any good that is seen in me, being sensible the grace of God has wrought all the good; and therefore my taking esteem to myself is robbing God of the glory which belongs to him alone. But I speak as a christian, who is always humble in his own eyes.

*Contesto.* Can you give me an instance of any person who, by divine grace, has overcome all his sins? I don't find your pretenders to inspiration are better than other people, tho' they have more spiritual pride.

*Lady Sophia.* Spiritual pride must proceed from want of inspiration; you will allow the fruits of the holy Spirit, mentioned in the *Galatians*, are holy tempers; spiritual pride is not in that catalogue; pride of any kind cannot proceed from inspiration, but is always the fruit of the corrupt tree; and whosoever is only a pretender to inspiration, remains in his natural state; but whosoever is really inspired, will shew the fruits of the holy Spirit in his life and conversation.

*Contesto.* Pray, madam, are you inspired, are you perfect?

*Lady Sophia.* If you see any good in me, impute it to inspiration; for I continually pray for the holy Spirit to change my corrupt nature; and, am sure, I can do no good thing in my own strength: as to perfection in our nature, it can only be seen in Christ, and we are no farther perfect, than as his righteousness is imputed to us: we live here the life of faith, and are every day growing by divine grace into the likeness of our Saviour; the imperfection you observe in sincere christians, proceeds from the remains of the old nature, which perhaps may never be entirely destroyed, 'till they go out of this body of flesh.

*Contesto.*



*Contesto.* Excuse me, madam, arguing with you any longer ; when you come to inspiration, there's an end of argument : I can never talk with an enthusiast.

*Lady Sophia.* I believe your pretenders to inspiration may be called enthusiasts ; for, I understand, a pretender to any thing is not possessed of the thing he pretends to have ; but can you believe yourself able to perform any christian virtue, without the inspiration of the holy Spirit ?

*Contesto.* Madam, I allow the influences of the holy Spirit, but I detest enthusiasts.

*Lady Sophia.* I pity enthusiasts ; and, if I can be influenced by the holy Spirit, I hope I shall be inspired to perform the christian virtues.

[*Contesto takes his leave.*]

*Lady Sophia* could never get a second conference with *Contesto* ; she was equally unfortunate with the rest of her aunt's visiters, who were esteemed knowing in religion : other conversation was become so disagreeable to her, that she often retired from the most admired wits, to contemplate in her own apartment ; her behaviour grew, at length, so particular, her aunt found herself obliged to take notice of it ; she found it absolutely necessary to put her out of her family, upon the account of her daughters ; and, as the young *Honorio* was upon the point of coming over, she made that her pretence to settle *Sophia* in a house and family of servants, to receive her brother according to his rank. *Lady Sophia* had but just acquired the art of governing a family, when *Honorio* arrived from his travels, perfectly accomplished for a man of fashion. The brother and sister met with equal pleasure, to see each other ; *Honorio* liked every thing she provided for his reception, and being of a careless temper, averse to business, put the whole of his affairs under the management of his sister. The great love *lady Sophia* had to her brother, made her a very good steward ; her greatest difficulty was in avoiding parties of pleasure her brother was continually making upon her account ; but going into the country soon put an end to this perplexity, tho' it brought in her way a much greater. There was in the neighbourhood a true country parson, who had more of the farmer than the divine ; he had one only daughter, a pretty young creature about nineteen : *lady Sophia* soon perceived her brother grow

particular to this young woman, which was a great concern to her. She used all prudent means to draw him out of her way ; which he perceiving, grew more reserved in her sight, and so well deceived her, she thought no more of the affair, but was very assiduous in fortifying the mind of this young creature with religious principles, which might enable her to resist temptation : she thought what she said took some effect upon the mind of the young *Maria* ; but one day (to her great surprize) she heard she had left her father's house, and was no-where to be found ; she had the satisfaction to see *Honorio* ignorant of her flight, by the real concern he shewed to have her found : *Honorio* and the father of *Maria* spent several weeks in a fruitless search ; and, when they had given up all hopes of finding her, *Honorio* shewed she was not indifferent to him, by the melancholy that appeared in his countenance ; lady *Sophia*, who had long waited for an opportunity of telling her brother the christian faith, now thought him in a proper disposition of mind to hear her speak of the miseries of the fallen nature. There was, in the middle of a large wood, about a mile from the house, a *Venetian* building, which *Honorio* often made a retreat from his company ; lady *Sophia* (as by accident) took a walk that way, and, opening the door quietly, she perceived her brother lying on a couch in a melancholy posture, reading a letter ; she stood a few minutes observing the agitation in his countenance ; he folded up the letter, and, with a deep sigh, put it into his pocket ; then, turning his eyes towards the door, he observed his sister ; immediately he assumed an air of gaiety, and enquired after the company he had left ; she told him the company were well entertained with each other, and she hoped they two might have half an hour's conversation.

*Honorio.* It will be perfectly agreeable to me to hear my dear *Sophia* discourse upon any subject.

*Lady Sophia.* Since you have given me liberty, I must chuse my subject, and pursue a thought, which struck me, since I came into this room ; which was, of the misery I observe to be in every human creature ; even you ( who are the picture of happiness ) I am sure feel misery, and, if you would own the truth, would tell me, you now wish yourself some other being than man.

*Honorio.*



*Honorio.* I know I am not happy, but that's my own fault, because I can't govern my passions.

*Lady Sophia.* Your affections are, undoubtedly, the cause of your miseries; but to govern affections is not in our power; 'tis the nature of man to love evil, under the appearance of good; and so blind is his reason, that it cannot distinguish the evil in disguise, 'till he suffers by it.

*Honorio.* I will allow any thing to the power of affection, and that it often makes our misery, but sometimes it makes us happy; and, if a man could love nothing in this world, it would not be worth living in; we must take the good with the bad, and make ourselves as happy as we can.

*Lady Sophia.* If I can fix you in the resolution of being as happy as you can, and you will trust me, I will insure you a happiness you have never yet tasted; and which, when you have, the whole world will not bribe you to resign.

*Honorio.* I will never believe that any man can be happy always; and, as to your scheme, I take it to be all fancy.

*Lady Sophia.* Why should you think God has not provided a happy state for man? can you think God could make a being to be its own tormenter? sure, this thought is not worthy of your idea of the supreme power, who created all things.

*Honorio.* I believe the supreme Being is all goodness, and gives me more than I deserve, and I am an ungrateful creature not to be contented with what I have.

*Lady Sophia.* Your feeling yourself an ungrateful creature, and deserving punishment, proves to you that you are in a fallen nature; what I would have you consider is, how your nature can be restored to what it ought to be.

*Honorio.* Sister, I must tell you, if you talk of a fallen nature, and being restored, and this sort of stuff, you will be thought mad: come, let us go back to the company.

*Lady Sophia.* I am sorry you will not hear all I have to say: for, sure, you might be convinced of the truth, if you would attend to it.

*Honorio returns to the company.*

*Lady Sophia* continues some time in contemplation, reasoning with herself why almost every body is averse to hear a truth which so

much concerns their own happiness. Surely, she said, our nature must be greatly averse to truth; for, 'till we can prevail upon people to pray to God for that holy Spirit, which leads us to all truth, 'tis in vain to shew them the christian truths, for they cannot apprehend them 'till the mind is enlightened by the holy Spirit of God; and, 'till they can be persuaded to venture giving up their pleasures in this world, they will not be prevailed upon to pray that they may be led to the truth. I found the world was the great obstacle to my religion. I thought I could never bear to live alone, and be despised by every body, wise and unwise; but how different does the world appear to me now? nothing but my affection to my brother could make me endure it; but the little gleam of hope I have he may be one day convinced of the truth, by a sister he dearly loves, makes it seem criminal in me to retire. As lady *Sophia* was returning back to the house by the side of a bench in one of the covered walks, she observed a piece of white paper folded like a letter; she took it up, and, perceiving it was really so, opened it, and, looking for the name, she found it subscribed *Maria*: having a concern for that young creature, she could not forbear reading the contents; which were as follows.

MARIA'S Letter to HONORIO.

My LORD,

" I beg your pardon for having disappointed you, and a thousand times over for having ever encouraged your criminal passion; my love was so great, it hurried me to comply with your request of meeting you in the summer-house; the trouble I felt in my mind keeping me waking all the preceding night, as soon as day-light appear'd, I began to dress myself, and adorn my person as well as I was able, putting on my silk gown, and all my best things; the papers you gave me remain'd still in my pocket; the diamond ring, I thought, look'd well upon my hand; when I had finish'd my dress, I set out for the appointed place, full of guilty joy; love quicken'd my pace, and I found myself in the summer-house, an hour before the appointed time of fix; the sun shining in a very glorious manner thro' the trees made a  
" most



“ most chearful scene ; a profound stillness of all sounds, except  
 “ the warbling of the birds so innocently gay, struck me with a  
 “ guilty shame, that I could not join with the brute creation in  
 “ my song of praise ; I began to wish your appointment had been  
 “ made in a dark night, and the garden illuminated with the  
 “ artificial light of lamps ; but, on a sudden, I determined to cast  
 “ away thought, and returned into the summer-house ; there lay  
 “ a book upon the table, which I, taking it for a novel, opened, with  
 “ a design to divert my too serious thoughts ; but how much  
 “ more serious were they made by finding in my hand a prayer-  
 “ book ? and, the prayer that first met my eyes being for one  
 “ under a strong temptation, I read it through, and was frightened  
 “ at myself. I then took the papers, and the ring you had given  
 “ me, and flung them upon the couch with surprising resolution,  
 “ and with the same spirit ran out of the summer-house, and  
 “ thro’ the wood, as fast as fear could carry me ; when I came  
 “ to the bottom of the walk, I found a gate that was lock’d, which  
 “ I jump’d over in an incredible manner : when I found myself  
 “ in the great road, I began to feel safer, but walked on as fast as  
 “ I could, ’till an empty post-chaise passing by me, I prevailed with  
 “ the postilion to take me in, and carry me whither he was going :  
 “ I am now in a place where you will never enter : pray think  
 “ no more of me ; I thank God, my love to you lessens every day.  
 “ I hope you will forgive all the mistakes and failings in

“ *Your poor Maria.*”

Lady *Sophia* was full of surprize to find the affair had been car-  
 ried so far between her brother and *Maria*, and delighted to see  
 she had escaped with innocence : she laid the letter in the place  
 where she found it, and walked on towards the house ; at the door  
 she met her brother, who passed by her without speaking, and  
 ran up the walk which she came down : for some weeks she per-  
 ceived her brother had a deep melancholy upon him, and that he  
 tried all ways to divert himself : she often tried to speak of reli-  
 gion, but he would not bear to hear any thing of that nature ;  
 at length some of his intimates came from *London* to visit him ; by way  
 of amusement, he takes them to a race, about twenty miles distance.

Lady

Lady *Sophia* lived alone for a fortnight, which, as she spent it entirely in devotion, seemed to her but a few hours; *Honorio* and his companions returned in great spirits; lady *Sophia* was forced to summon her christian patience to endure their noise; the first thing she attended to of what they told her was, they had met with her cousin *Flirtilla*; *Honorio* told her she expressed great affection for her, and talked of making her a visit; they spoke very much in praise of her person and equipage; lady *Sophia* having been ill used by her aunt lady *Please-all*, *Honorio*, who was piqued at her behaviour, never had visited his aunt, nor seen the beautiful *Flirtilla*, who was lately married to Sir *Simon Cash*, a wealthy citizen: lady *Sophia*, who had no cause to resent any ill usage from her aunt's daughters, was very glad to hear she intended to come, having hopes she might become serious, now she was a wife: the next day, being very fine weather, *Honorio* asked his sister to take the air in his chaise, and in a frolick drove her to the seat of Sir *Simon Cash*: lady *Flirtilla* received her old friend with great joy, and persuaded them to stay two or three days: lady *Sophia* perceiv'd marriage had made no change in the lady *Flirtilla*; she thought her behaviour rather too gay for a wife; and, the first opportunity, she determined to talk to her upon that subject: one morning, when *Honorio* and Sir *Simon* were gone to field-sports, lady *Flirtilla* proposed a walk in the woods to lady *Sophia*, who readily accepted the offer. In the walk lady *Sophia* begins her discourse.

Lady *Sophia*. I am very glad to see my good friend mistress of so large a fortune, and that she is married to a man who relieves her from the trouble of management, which I know is so contrary to her temper; but hope you will now consider the prudent part, and conform your behaviour a little to the manner of the family you are come into, who, perhaps, may disapprove some of your innocent gay ways, they don't understand.

Lady *Flirtilla*. I believe my dear *Sophia* is the best creature that ever was born; pray tell me whenever I do wrong; I hope we shall be a vast deal together this winter; I intend to dine with you every day Sir *Simon* goes into the city.



Lady *Sophia*. I would have you inform yourself about the christian religion: I believe you are very ignorant in the scriptures; while we are together, let us make them our study.

Lady *Flirtilla*. I often read a chapter on a *Sunday*, tho' I don't know why I read the scriptures more on that day than any other. Tell me why people are more religious on a *Sunday* than on a *Monday*: no-body goes to church on a *Monday* morning.

Lady *Sophia*. *Sunday* is called the Lord's-day; 'tis a day of rest from worldly business; a day in which we remember the creation of the world and the redemption of mankind. You must understand you are born in sin, and cannot go to heaven when you die, unless you believe in Christ.

Lady *Flirtilla*. I desire to go to heaven, when I die: I believe in God, but I know nothing of Christ.

Lady *Sophia*. If you believe in God, and desire to please him, you will soon become a believer in Christ; because you will see in the scriptures, it is pleasing to God you should believe in him whom he hath sent.

Lady *Flirtilla*. Indeed, my dear cousin, I don't understand a word of your discourse.

Lady *Sophia*. Have you never heard of *Good-Friday*, why it is kept a fast?

Lady *Flirtilla*. *Good-Friday*! what is it? Pray, why is one *Friday* better than another?

Lady *Sophia*. You shall read a book I will lend you, which tells you the meaning of all these days.

Lady *Flirtilla*. Is it a diverting book?

Lady *Sophia*. Child, you want improvement more than diversion: I am really sorry to see you so ignorant of what is so necessary for you to know.

Here they met with *Honorio*, who put an end to this discourse. Lady *Sophia* and *Honorio* returned home the next day: fir *Simon* and his lady promised to come to them in a fortnight. *Honorio* talked all the way of lady *Flirtilla*, and begged of his sister, as a favour to him, she would never speak again to her upon the subject of religion, for she could not bear it. Lady *Sophia* flattered herself she should now enjoy a fortnight's quiet: but, alas! in two days

days came lady *Flirtilla*; fir *Simon*, having received intelligence of the death of the *Great Mogul*, was gone post to *London* to manage in the stocks, and lady *Flirtilla* took this opportunity of coming to her dear *Honorio*. Lady *Sophia* was so prepossessed with her brother's having a real passion for *Maria*, that she was blind to his growing affection to lady *Flirtilla*. These two lovers were so well pleased with each other's company, that they gave lady *Sophia* liberty to enjoy the greatest part of her time in her own apartment. Sir *Simon* was so taken up in managing his money, for a whole month, that he never thought of lady *Flirtilla*; but, when he did, he sent for her to town, not being able to leave his affairs, 'till it was certain whether the *Great Mogul* was alive or dead. 'Twas with great regret she left the country: but, not many days after, *Honorio* told his sister he should remove his family to *London* for the winter. How gladly would lady *Sophia* have lived alone in the country-house! but, perceiving her brother to grow still fonder of her, she was willing to try one winter, in hopes he would give her leave to speak sometimes to him upon religion.

Two days after *Honorio* was arrived in town, parson *Plod* was surprized with the sight of his daughter *Maria*, whom he met within one field of his house: she fell on her knees, and asked his pardon for having left him without leave, but hoped, when he heard her reasons, he would rather commend than blame her.

Parson *Plod*. I desire you will walk back to the farm-house, for I can't tell whether I shall receive you or not, 'till I have consulted your mother: but let me hear your reasons for running away.

*Maria*. I did not fly from you, fir, but from the criminal solicitations of *Honorio*, which I could not otherwise escape.

Parson *Plod*. What did *Honorio* propose to you?

*Maria*. The terms upon which *Honorio* would receive me were a settlement of three hundred pounds a year for my life, and the promise of doctor *Creep*'s parsonage for you.

Parson *Plod*. Doctor *Creep*'s parsonage! why that is a good five hundred pounds a year; and upon my word three hundred pounds a year for a girl that has nothing is a fine present. Where is this settlement?

*Maria*.



*Maria.* Oh! fir, when it pleased God to give me power to leave *Honorio*, I scorned his settlement, and left it at the place of appointment.

*Parson Plod.* Child, why did not you consult me in your affairs? perhaps I might have drawn him in to marry you; a man must love a woman very well who gives so handsomely: I am sure he took a world of pains to find you, and paid all my expences in messengers upon that account; indeed, I thought it was all done out of respect to me and my wife, but I find now it was all on your account. But, child, you should have given the paper of the parsonage to me, that was mine; giving him back your own settlement was sufficient surely.

*Maria.* Oh! fir, could I keep any thing that I knew was given as a purchase for sin?

*Parson Plod.* But, child, what do you intend to do? your mother and I can't keep you; for all the country thinks you are with child, and it will be a scandal to me to harbour you in our family.

*Maria.* I thought it my duty to come to you, as soon as *Honorio* left the country; before I durst not come. Don't be so cruel as to suspect my honour.

*Parson Plod.* Let me hear where you went, and what you did, when you were absent, that I may satisfy the neighbours.

*Maria.* I met with a post-chaise in the great road, which carried me to *London*; I was set down in *Piccadilly*. I begged of God to direct me right, I cast myself entirely upon his providence. I wandered through several streets; I saw many people, but none that looked as if they would assist me, 'till I met with lady *Secludia*; she was coming out of a poor house, with such an air of goodness, that I thought she resembled the lady *Sophia*: I ventured to make her a curt'ly; she immediately, with good humour, asked me if I had not some trouble upon my mind; I could not speak for some time: she bid me follow her, which I did, and after making two more visits to the poor, she brought me to her own house. She bid me go into a little room, on the left hand of the hall, and compose my thoughts: (this little room was a repository for the poor; on the one side was a press filled with coarse cloathing, on the other a closet filled with medicines, and shelves filled with books to give away:) I sat down, and remained like one in a trance,

thought being in a manner suspended. Very soon the lady *Secludia* entered; in the tenderest manner she led me into my story; but when I related the escape I made from the guilty appointment, she burst into tears of joy, and said, Let us give God the glory; upon which, kneeling down and I by her side, she made a most heavenly prayer, in which I felt a divine joy I never had felt before. She afterwards said many kind things to raise my spirits; one of which was, that I should be in her house, 'till I could safely return to my friends; my answer was, I never durst return to my father, while he continued so near *Honorio*; she very obligingly replied, it would be proper for me to see my father, when *Honorio* was absent; but she would give me a letter to the lady *Felician*a, that, if I found any inconvenience in living with my parents, I might have a secure retreat with her. She advised me to write to *Honorio*, which letter she would convey to him. I said, I grieved to think what *Honorio* would suffer upon my account, for he loved me dearly; she begged I would comfort myself in regard to *Honorio*, for all men, in their old nature, were inconstant, pleasure was their pursuit, and when one object was removed, they sought another: at present you think *Honorio* all perfection, and, indeed, he is esteemed as one of the best of the young men; but the christian sees there is nothing good in us, and none to be depended upon but who are believers in Christ, for the others live only in regard to the world. One of these best young men will endeavour to ruin as many young girls as please his fancy: he seldom enquires whether his tradesmen are paid, tho' he is punctual in discharging his debts of honour; he lets his domesticks ruin themselves, and it is rather a matter of mirth than concern to hear of their sufferings; he lives without God in his family, and contrives his servants should have most work upon the day of rest: he supports vice, and ridicules religion; this he calls sincerity, for 'tis his nature to do wickedly: he is, in the world, the instrument of evil, which is a dreadful thing to think of; and such a person is your *Honorio*! pray to God to shew him to you as he is in his sight. I lived three months in this heavenly family, where religion was the constant theme of conversation; I never heard a word spoke in regard to the present world, but what was absolutely necessary: we had prayers publick and private every day, and the scriptures expounded. I find a great change of heart, since I have  
known



known what religion is. Yesterday the lady *Secludia* informed me *Honorio* was come to town; this news made me very desirous to leave it, tho' I could have staid for ever in her family. She took a tender leave of me, and put in my hand a letter to lady *Feliciana*, in *Cornwall*, with twenty guineas to bear my expences. Now, sir, you have my whole story.

Parson *Plod*. Well, child, I am glad it is no worse with you; come along with me, I believe your mother will receive you.

*Maria* lived with her parents very peaceably for some time; but now observing her father very deficient in the office of a christian minister, in a meek and humble manner she endeavoured to shew him his duty; she mentioned prayers in the family, prayers in the church twice every day, a sacrament every *Sunday*, catechising the children *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, visiting the sick, reproving the reprobates in their own houses, rebuking swearers in the high roads, telling godfathers and godmothers the danger of being forsworn, and the forbidding cards and drinking in his own house. This discourse so fired both father and mother, that *Maria* was quite surprized, for she thought these duties were omitted through ignorance: her mother, who was both ignorant and vulgar, said the girl was turned *Mahometan*, and that she durst not let her stay in the house, for fear she should bewitch her family: her father took a place for her in the western stage the *Monday* following, which brought *Maria* to the seat of lady *Feliciana*.

The lady *Sophia* and *Honorio* began to live in their house in town, after the same manner they had done last spring; but this regular way of life was soon disturbed by the lady *Flirtilla*, who put it into *Honorio's* head to have a concert once a week, and all the polite company in town invited, and a select party kept for a ball; this he proposed to lady *Sophia*, who discoursed the matter with him as follows:

Lady *Sophia*. Dear brother, why should you insist upon my doing a thing so disagreeable to me, which you have often told me you disliked?

*Honorio*. I did once dislike musick I own, but now I am excessively fond of it, and I must have it: I will do the honours myself;

only you make your appearance for an hour, and say you don't love musick, and no-body will mind your leaving us.

*Lady Sophia.* I beg you will excuse me in a ceremony so contrary to my way.

*Honorio.* Well, do as you please; the world knows you love to be particular: I will try if lady *Flirtilla* will supply your place.

This proposal lady *Flirtilla* readily accepted; and no-body's house was now become so agreeable to the town, as *Honorio's*; and lady *Flirtilla* took care that lady *Sophia's* footman visited every great lady in town; she soon became the sole manager of *Honorio's* family and fortune; lady *Sophia* seldom saw her brother but in company, and perceived every day the world prevailed with him more than ever: she sometimes spoke to him of his expences, which subject he could as ill bear as that of religion: in this way they spent the winter, lady *Sophia* being entirely ignorant of what the world said, in regard to her brother's friendship with lady *Flirtilla*, when one morning she received the following

## L E T T E R.

M A D A M,

“ The world esteems you a woman of sense and religion; but  
 “ is that consistent with your encouraging an intrigue between lady  
 “ *Flirtilla*, a married woman, and your brother? I don't know  
 “ what views of interest you may have in this black design, but am  
 “ sure nothing can excuse you in my eyes, however you may deceive  
 “ the world with your pretended religion.”

*Sunday night, March 22.*

Lady *Sophia* read over this barbarous letter several times, which disturbed her mind more than she imagined words could ever have done; she now set herself to observe the behaviour of her brother and lady *Flirtilla*, which by a thousand circumstances convinced her they had a real passion for each other; she took the first opportunity of speaking to lady *Flirtilla*, whom she knew to be a vir-  
 tuous



tuous creature in her own thoughts, 'tho' really criminal in hers, by giving the least encouragement to any man's passion, after she became a wife. Lady *Flirtilla*, hearing lady *Sophia* was not well, and kept her room, came to make her a visit; she entered with a gay satisfied air.

Lady *Flirtilla*. My dear *Sophia*, what is the matter? you look ten years older than you did a week ago.

Lady *Sophia*. I am really vexed; take this letter, and read the cause.

Lady *Flirtilla*, having read the letter, with great confusion in her countenance, said:

Lady *Flirtilla*. Can you guess who writ this abominable lye? but the best way is take no sort of notice of it; I would have you appear with me and your brother together every-where, and brave it out to the world; I shall insist upon this behaviour from you, to clear me of all suspicion.

Lady *Sophia*. I perceive you regard the share the world has in this affair, more than I could wish you to do; 'tis no matter what the world says; but are you clear in your own mind, that you look upon my brother with an indifferent eye; that he is no more to you, than any other man? your affections ought now to be entirely confined to Sir *Simon*.

Lady *Flirtilla*. Sir *Simon*, I assure you, is very easy with my conduct, and has never said a word about this affair; he never was fonder of me, than at this present time; and we never lived happier together.

Lady *Sophia*. A letter, like mine, would probably turn the scale, and make him very unhappy, as it has done me.

Lady *Flirtilla*. What would you have me to do? if I should alter my behaviour, that would be proving to the world I have been in the wrong: I think the best way is to take no notice, and go on just as we do; only let you and I be more together.

Lady *Sophia*. I consider nothing but the christian part in this affair; I fear you love my brother better than you imagine; and that the affection which you now think so innocent, may through indulgence, in time, become criminal; nothing but the christian religion will set you free from these bondages, in which the world entangles all its votaries; 'tis impossible to live the life you and all  
fine

fine people do, without being in continual danger of losing your peace of mind.

*Lady Flirtilla.* You know, I never will hear you talk upon religion; and so your servant.

*Lady Sophia* was grieved to see lady *Flirtilla* obstinate in resisting religion; which, she knew, could only relieve her from a passion that was leading her into great misery.

*Sir Simon Cash*, who was a good-natured man, and had a regard for lady *Sophia*, upon account of her screening his awkwardness, and informing him in the manners of the polite world, of which he was entirely ignorant, came in in this instant.

*Sir Simon Cash.* I fear my visit is rather of the latest to a sick lady; but I was resolved to ask you how you did myself; I had been with you an hour sooner, but that I met with a stop at *Temple-Bar*; pray, how do you do?

*Lady Sophia.* I am rather better; these little warnings of death, sir *Simon*, are very necessary to put us in mind, that our great change will certainly come.

*Sir Simon.* I think, if a man wrongs no-body, and takes care of his family, he need not trouble himself much about death.

*Lady Sophia.* Don't you allow, sir *Simon*, we must give an account of our time? God has given us time in this world, to improve for eternity; your eternal riches are all spiritual, and we shall carry them with us out of the world; all the rest of our riches we must leave behind us for other people to squander away.

*Sir Simon.* Madam, don't think I am unmindful of my affairs in the other world neither; I go to church every sabbath-day, and all that part of the family which belongs to me I take with me; I don't swear, but when I am in a passion, and then I am sorry for it: indeed, I don't give much to the poor, because I intend, when I die, to leave a pretty handsome sum to the foundling-hospital.

*Lady Sophia.* I wish, sir *Simon*, that money you intend for the foundling-hospital, was given in your life-time; for, when you are dead, 'tis no longer yours; you are then giving away the right of your next heir.

Sir



*Sir Simon.* Why, now, I can't persuade myself to give this money in my life-time, and yet I am willing to give it after I am dead ; you are a wise woman ; tell me what is the reason of this ?

*Lady Sophia.* The reason of this is, *sir Simon*, that you love your money, and prefer the earthly before the heavenly treasure ; you are sensible you don't want this money ; but you can't part with it, because you love it : now God requires that we should love those things that are eternal ; he bids us give him our hearts, which are our affections ; and this we must do in this life, in order to have treasure in heaven.

*Sir Simon.* Why, madam, do you think one must love nothing in this world ? money helps us to every thing ; so that, if a man may be allowed to love any thing in this world, he must keep his money. Ha ! ha !

*Lady Sophia.* If I love the world, I cannot love God ; and in the love of God consists all my heavenly treasure.

*Sir Simon.* 'Tis my love of money (you are in the right) makes me take pains to get it ; I would give up all the pleasures in the world, to get money : I am sure a man has more pleasure in getting money, than he has in spending it.

*Lady Sophia.* If you could love God, as well as you love money, you would give up all pleasure to serve him.

*Sir Simon.* Why, as you say, madam, we depend upon God for every thing we are to have in the next world ; and then I hope I shall love him : but is it necessary to love God, while we are in this world ?

*Lady Sophia.* Depend upon it, if you ever should taste the happiness I find in religion, you will own that God gives in this world far better things than money can purchase ; and he gives heavenly treasure to all that ask it of him.

*Sir Simon.* Madam, you tell me strange things, I will talk with you again upon this matter : I do think, as you say, that the treasure I carry out of the world with me, is of more value to me than that I leave behind.

After *sir Simon* was gone, *lady Sophia* had many reflections passed in her mind, concerning her brother's unhappy situation ; at length she determined to shew him his own evil heart, tho' she feared the  
confe-

consequence would be a quarrel ; but that she dreaded less, tho' she loved her brother extremely, than submitting to a deceit, in seeming ignorant of his criminal passion ; she had scarce made this reflection, when *Honorio* entered her room.

*Honorio.* Pray, have you sent to enquire after lady *Flirtilla's* health this morning ? she is very ill.

*Lady Sophia.* Is *Flirtilla* ill ? she was here yesterday.

*Honorio.* You don't know she's ill ? you have made her ill with your hypocritical cant : what could you mean by shewing her that letter ? I know from whence it came ; from that wicked mother of hers, that hates her.

*Lady Sophia.* Brother, you are very warm in this affair ; I fear your affection is more, than it ought to be, for a married relation.

*Honorio.* How can I have too much affection for so valuable a person ? she has more real goodness, and strict honour, than any woman in the world : tho' she is surprizingly handsome, she does not know it : she was never seen out of humour in her whole life, and makes the best of wives to that beast of a husband, who does not deserve her.

*Lady Sophia.* I agree with you, that *Flirtilla* is good-humoured and agreeable ; and I am very sorry to say, that you are her greatest enemy, tho' you do love her so well ; and still you are a greater enemy to yourself, whom you love better than *Flirtilla* : if you will hear me with patience, I will shew you *Honorio* as he is : but first let me hear what you think of yourself ?

*Honorio.* I think, I would not wrong any creature in the world.

*Lady Sophia.* What do you think of poor sir *Simon* ? you are stealing away his wife's affections ; and would be glad to hear he had broke his neck : here I take you to be in the high road towards murder and adultery, both which begin in the heart.

*Honorio.* So, madam, a very pretty character you give of your brother : is he not a thief also ?

*Lady Sophia.* Yes ; a man that refuses to pay his taylor's bill, once a year, is as much a thief, as he that steals a suit of clothes out of his shop.

*Honorio.* Am I guilty of covetousness ?

*Lady Sophia.* I doubt you covet many things you don't possess : you covet a larger estate ; you covet a place at court ; you covet a  
ribband ;



ribband ; you covet every fine horse that you see : now repeat all the good you think in yourself.

*Honorio.* I think, I am a man of true honour.

*Lady Sophia.* I desire you will explain what you mean by a man of honour ?

*Honorio.* A man of honour will support his friend's cause right or wrong.

A man of honour never betrays any villainies he has seen at *White's*.

A man of honour always pays his debts of honour.

A man of honour neither beats his whore, nor starves her.

A man of honour never tells lyes, unless it be to women, trades-people, fathers, mothers, and wives.

A man of honour never lies with his friend's wife, unless his passion gets the better of him.

A man of honour never consults any, but a man of honour, in his affairs of consequence.

A man of honour never discovers a private duel.

A man of honour never enquires into the reason of a challenge.

A man of honour delights to see two fellows box, and gives them money to animate their blows.

A man of honour never pretends to have religion.

A man of honour hates all that do pretend to have religion.

A man of honour never says his prayers.

A man of honour does not believe a word of the scripture.

A man of honour makes *Sunday* a day of business.

A man of honour does not care where he goes, when he dies.

A man of honour will fight any man that reflects upon his character.

*Lady Sophia.* How differently do you and I understand the man of honour ? he appears to me the contrast of what you have described ; let us reverse the character.

A man of honour never will support his friend in a wrong cause.

A man of honour tells the secret villainies he has seen at *White's* to every young fellow he meets.

A man of honour never contracts any debts of honour.

A man of honour is true to his wife, whom he neither beats nor starves.

A man of honour never tells a lye upon any occasion.

A man of honour lies with no man's wife but his own.

A man of honour never consults any, but an honest man, in his affairs of consequence.

A man of honour discovers a private duel to the captain of the guard.

A man of honour, if he receives a challenge, sends for one of the challenger's friends, desires he will enquire into the reason of the challenge, and, if he judges him to be in the wrong, promises to acknowledge it, in the same company where the affront was given.

A man of honour hates to see two men boxing each other, and gives them money to desist from that cruel exercise.

A man of honour imputes all his virtues to religion.

A man of honour esteems no-body, but who has religion.

A man of honour prays to God to direct him right in all his actions.

A man of honour believes every word in the scriptures.

A man of honour makes *Sunday* a day of rest to his servants and horses.

A man of honour dreads to go amongst villains, when he dies.

A man of honour dares not commit murder to support his character.

*Honorio.* I can assure you, sister, no gentleman will speak to your man of honour; he will be thought a scoundrel, and kick'd out of company.

*Lady Sophia.* The world, that now prevails, seems to set wrong in the place of right; and happy is it for those who have courage to be particular in the right way, and not regard the world.

*Honorio.* Sister, you talk like a fool; every man of sense does regard the world; no-body talks of wrong and right, every body tries to divert themselves as well as they can; these serious thoughts are quite laid aside; it is very ill-bred to pretend to think, a man that is not continually laughing, will ever be well received in company; a serious looking man will be thought a fir *Simon Cash*, who



who is always calculating his expences, and balancing his accounts.

*Lady Sophia.* I am sorry to see you list yourself one of these wrong-headed people.

*Honorio.* Now, as much in the wrong as you think me, I can assure you, I always intend to do right; and a good intention is every thing, in my opinion.

*Lady Sophia.* Indeed, brother, you mistake your intentions; you intend to please yourself, and would be glad to have what you do happen to be right; but this is not to intend right but pleasure, which you make the motive of all your actions; but you mistake your pleasure, for true pleasure consists in obeying the will of God, which is the rule of all right.

*Honorio.* Sister, if I was to follow your religious rules, they would make me mad; my nature requires to be diverted, I can't live without it.

*Lady Sophia.* Brother, the fault is in your nature.

*Honorio.* That I can't help.

*Lady Sophia.* You may ask of God to give you a new nature, which he has promised to every one that desires it; and in this new nature you will love what is right, and feel so much happiness in your own mind, you would not desire to be diverted from it by worldly amusements: brother, I observe, you don't attend to my discourse.

*Honorio.* Sister, I cannot attend to you, when you talk of the new nature; you know I hate religion; I insist upon your going with me to see lady *Flirtilla*; you are well enough, I am sure.

*Lady Sophia.* I really cannot countenance your friendship with lady *Flirtilla*, therefore don't expect me to visit her.

*Honorio.* Then, sister, you and I must part: can I keep any body in my house, that refuses to visit lady *Flirtilla*?

*Lady Sophia.* Brother, my affection for you is so sincere that I must speak the truth, and am sorry you can't bear to hear it: I am ready to leave you, if you desire it; tho' I would suffer any usage, if I had a hope left that you would ever hear me upon the subject of religion.

*Honorio.* You may depend upon my word, that I never will hear you upon the subject of religion.

*Lady Sophia.* Then I find we must part.

Here she burst into tears, which *Honorio* called hypocritical, and running out of the room, clapped the door with such a fury as alarmed the whole family : they found lady *Sophia* fallen into a swoon, and the servants being excessively frightened, ran after their master, and told him their lady was dead ; he swore they were all hypocrites, and they might take care of their hypocritical lady themselves, and immediately left the house.

As soon as they brought lady *Sophia* to herself, she desired to be left alone. She was now fully determined to leave her brother, being convinced that she had lost all power with him, to serve him either in the point of religion or fortune. For some days lady *Sophia* kept her bed with a fever ; neither her brother nor lady *Flirtilla* enquired after her health. She was revolving in her mind where she should go, when she received the following letter from *Maria* :

*Letter from Maria to Lady Sophia.*

*Hon. Madam,*

“ I could not satisfy myself without acknowledging the favours  
 “ I have received from the lady *Sophia* : to her instructions, and  
 “ the good books she gave me, I impute the first impressions that  
 “ inclined me to seek after religion, which now makes the happiness  
 “ of my life. By a recommendation from lady *Secludia* (to whom  
 “ I desire you will send the inclosed) I am introduced into the family  
 “ of lady *Feliciania*, your ladyship’s cousin. I can’t forbear telling  
 “ you how happy I live : this lady’s house is very large and strong,  
 “ tho’, they say, it has been built above three hundred years ; the  
 “ country round it is very dry and pleasant : the whole parish be-  
 “ longs to her ladyship : the farm-houses are all neat, and every one  
 “ has



“ has a gravel path that leads to the church: the people are well  
 “ cloathed, and look pleased. They tell me it was a sad poor  
 “ place, before this good lady came to live here; but now you  
 “ neither see want nor extravagance, every body is employed, and,  
 “ to oblige my lady, the ale-house people are turned bakers, and  
 “ sell no liquor stronger than good small-beer. Here is the finest  
 “ contrivance to employ the idle hours, invented by my lady and  
 “ mr. *Knowall*, (an old servant, who has lived in the family forty  
 “ years; he understands all sorts of trades; I have heard he has  
 “ travelled round the world.) There is a building round a back  
 “ court; on one side is a shop, where he teaches the farmers sons  
 “ to make every thing belonging to husbandry: on another side  
 “ there is a shop, where he teaches to weave cloth of all sorts;  
 “ and over that a room, where he teaches to make suits of cloaths:  
 “ on another side there is a shoe-maker's shop, where they make  
 “ boots and shoes; and over that a school, where boys and girls  
 “ are taught to read: and, on the other side, a house, where  
 “ women spin; and over that a room, where girls work plain-  
 “ work and make manteaus; here they say their catechism twice  
 “ a week; I have the care of this room, which I find a very  
 “ pleasant employment. The order of teaching is in this manner:  
 “ any young person may come who brings a ticket from their  
 “ parents, which tells how long they may stay. My lady finds em-  
 “ ployment for all people that want work; but she pays them a  
 “ halfpenny a day less than the farmers, because she would employ  
 “ them only on such times as the farmers can spare them: all  
 “ these people go to church twice a day. Our church is the  
 “ prettiest place that ever was seen; all the seats are the same, being  
 “ single seats with high backs and matted; a seat holds four  
 “ people, has four prayer-books, and at each end a glass lamp:  
 “ there are two large branches for candles in the middle isle: the  
 “ pulpit is neat, and covered with purple velvet, as is the com-  
 “ munion-table: at the lower end is a sweet organ. Our parson is  
 “ a very good man, and grows a better christian every day. We  
 “ have prayers at half an hour past eleven in the morning: in the  
 “ winter, evening-prayers begin at seven, in summer at eight.  
 “ On *Wednesdays* and *Fridays* the parson expounds the catechism, and  
 “ on

" on other evenings he expounds one of the chapters: he gives  
 " the sacrament every *Sunday*, and preaches morning and evening.  
 " We have every day a psalm, and the organ is played at the even-  
 " ing service. People come twenty miles round to see our church  
 " lighted up on an evening: indeed it is a heavenly thing to be  
 " there. We have but one door to our church; and a room goes  
 " out of the church-porch that has a good fire in it, for people to  
 " dry their cloaths and warm themselves, if it is bad weather. My  
 " lady has had very good health since she came into this country:  
 " she gets up at seven in the morning; at eight the bell rings for  
 " family prayers, (which is in a large room that will hold forty  
 " people;) no-body is denied coming in; this lasts half an hour:  
 " after prayers my lady walks about the house, and orders her  
 " affairs: at nine the bell rings for breakfast. Miss *Realletta* comes  
 " most mornings; my lady is very fond of her, because she is so very  
 " pious. My lady makes me breakfast with her. We have  
 " generally strangers to breakfast, who come to be informed by my  
 " lady about religion; with them, and in the poor's room, my lady  
 " employs herself 'till the church bell rings; she takes all in her  
 " family to church with her: we come back by twelve, for our  
 " house is very near the church, and has a covered walk that  
 " leads to it: at twelve, if it is fair, my lady takes her walks, and  
 " visits her tenants, and all that she thinks want her advice: she  
 " comes home about two, and retires 'till three: soon after we  
 " go to dinner, which is always plain, and consists of four things,  
 " but we seldom dine without company: from five 'till six my lady  
 " visits all her shops: at six we drink tea, and the parson generally  
 " comes and stays with us 'till evening prayer: then we all go to  
 " church, which lasts an hour: at eight we come back: between  
 " eight and nine my lady often plays to us on the organ, and sings  
 " an anthem; (she has taught me to play and sing) my lady has a  
 " charming voice, and will teach any poor girl she thinks will learn;  
 " at nine we sup: half an hour after we have family prayers: at  
 " ten every body retires to their own apartment. My lady desires  
 " her love to you, and should be very glad, if you would spend the  
 " summer with her: I hope you will, for no people on this side  
 " heaven can live happier than we do. My lady is the best of  
 " women:



“ women : the sweet contentment in her countenance charms every  
 “ body that sees her : her conversation is so heavenly, that it makes  
 “ every body forget their troubles. Calmness and content goes  
 “ through the whole family.

*I am*

*Your Ladyship's most obedient*

*Paradise-Hall, in the  
 County of Cornwall.*

*And thankful humble Servant,*

MARIA.

Lady *Sophia* looked upon this invitation of her cousin's as the providence of God, who had provided her a friend in her afflictions : she determined to accept the offer, being sure she should like the manner of life *Maria* had described : she sent to acquaint her brother with her design of going in two days.

Sir *Simon Cash*, having heard lady *Sophia* was going a long journey, came to take his leave, and to offer his service in managing her money in the stocks.

*Enter Sir Simon Cash.*

Lady *Sophia*. I am obliged to you, sir *Simon*, for this second visit : I am going to leave this town, finding I can be of no service to any creature, in the way I would wish to serve them.

Sir *Simon*. Madam, I am sorry you are going to leave us, but undoubtedly you have your reasons. Can I be of any service to you in money affairs?

Lady *Sophia*. If you will take the trouble of managing my fortune, you will do me real service, for I desire to think as little of this world as possible.

Sir *Simon*. I will venture to promise you a good six hundred pounds a year, lady ; and, perhaps, a little more, if things go as I wish

wish. I shall be glad to serve you, for I think you are a good woman.

Lady *Sophia*. I wish, fir *Simon*, you would value me so much, as to consider what I have said to you in regard to your eternal interest. We have a great work to do in this short life; we must, in this world, seek for those heavenly treasures we are to live upon in eternity.

Sir *Simon*. Pray tell me what you mean by heavenly treasures? I can't rightly apprehend, how I can carry any treasure with me into the other world.

Lady *Sophia*. You are sensible, fir *Simon*, riches in this world are only valuable, as they promise us such things as we have a mind to have: we are sensible money will purchase the good things of this world, but is of no service to us in the next: this heavenly treasure I speak of, is the riches we believers see hid in Christ, who has purchased for us, by his sufferings, an eternity of happiness. Now, as money helps you to all you want in regard to this world, so faith in Christ gives us believers this heavenly treasure I speak of; and, as we increase in faith, we improve our interest in the next world, which is our heavenly country and our new *Jerusalem*.

Sir *Simon*. If I could believe there was another country for me to live in, after I left this world, I think I should take care to get this heavenly treasure you speak of; but I don't believe it enough to think it true; I believe it as if it might be, or might not be; I think upon it I don't know how, as if heaven did not belong to me: I think I could like to go into just such a world, when I die, as this I am now in. If these things you speak of are true, why don't I believe them? and, if they are not true, how come you to believe them? tell me how this is, lady?

Lady *Sophia*. The reason you don't believe in this heavenly country, fir *Simon*, is, that you now think it would be as impossible for you to live in it with pleasure, as it would be for a fish to live in the air, or an ox to fly like a bird; but, through faith in Christ, our nature becomes so entirely changed, that we are made able to apprehend the pleasures which are provided for us in the next life; and when we are possessed of spiritual happiness, we can readily comprehend there is a heavenly *Jerusalem*, and a promised land, wherein the righteous shall dwell to all eternity.

Sir



*Sir Simon.* But, madam, is it necessary my nature must be chang'd, before I can comprehend these things you speak of?

*Lady Sophia.* Undoubtedly : it is promised in scripture ; and if you pray to God to give you this new nature, he will give it you ; and then you will find such a change in your affections, as will make you begin to hate your money, and be ready to give it to every body that asks it of you ; for you will be afraid of riches, lest they should keep you out of the kingdom of heaven : you will divide the balance of your accounts, every year, amongst the poor and indigent, and dread to begin, every new year, a richer man than the last.

*Sir Simon.* How, madam ! hate my money, and dread to be richer next year than I was the last ! I can never pray for such a change ; let me keep my money, and I will pray for any other change you would have me.

*Lady Sophia.* *Sir Simon*, you are like the young man in the gospel, who kept all God's commandments, but could not part with his possessions to follow Christ. You see in this scripture how hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven : I beg you will consider, before it is too late, and weigh the difference between time and eternity : you will find it your real interest to give up all that opposes the faith of Christ in your heart, which, to the believer, is a continual fountain of happiness.

*Sir Simon.* Madam, it is not so easy for me to part with my money as you think it is ; I can't do this all at once ; however I'll try if I can persuade myself to give a shilling every day to some poor body or other ; this is eighteen pounds five shillings a year ; won't that do ?

*Lady Sophia.* . You know, *sir Simon*, what is given to the poor, is lent to the Lord, and he will repay an hundred-fold.

*Sir Simon.* I think it is my business then to pray for faith ; for if I could believe in the scriptures as much as you do, I am sure I should give half my goods to the poor.

Here lady *Sophia* received a compliment from *Honorio*, with an offer of his equipage to convey her to *Cornwall* ; *sir Simon* said he would ride with her twenty miles of her way : the next day lady

*Sophia* left *London*, with a resolution never to return : she determined to take a house near to lady *Felician*a, and to spend the remainder of her days in devotion.

*Honorio* rejoices in the absence of lady *Sophia*, as she was now become a bar to his happiness : all true religion being removed out of his family, he feels himself at full liberty to pursue his own schemes of pleasure.





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T H E  
S E Q U E L.

**I** MUST now desire my reader to carry his thoughts into *Cornwall*, where I shall lay the scene of the second part of *Worldly Compliances*. Sir *Simon Cash* attended upon lady *Sophia* her first day's journey, and then took his leave.

*Discourse between Sir Simon Cash and Lady Sophia.*

Sir *Simon*. Well, lady, the pleasure of your company you see has for once overcome my love of money: I may lose an hundred pounds by not being upon *Exchange* this morning.

Lady *Sophia*. I hope, fir *Simon*, the interesting truths we have discours'd of in our journey will remain in your thoughts, and you will in time discover that great truth in scripture, that money is the root of all evil: when the love of money is rooted in the heart, we find it preferred even before ease, health, friends, children, parents, and dearest relations who interfere with our interest; how do we weary ourselves with fatigues of body and mind, neglecting wholesome food and necessary sleep, to obtain a small degree of gain? this evil tinctures every action of a man's life, his thoughts being continually employ'd in improving his fortune in the best manner, and the disposing of it with such circumspection, that the paying of six pence too much for any thing he buys will keep him waking for half a night; so that the anxiety of improving, the fear of losing any part of his fortune, and the dread of being impos'd upon in the least trifle, employ his whole thoughts, and shut out the contemplation of eternity.

*Sir Simon.* Well, madam, you have describ'd fir *Scrape Save-all* to the life; he is this very man, up early and late, at every market, and every shop, if it is but for to buy a piece of mutton for his family, or a pair of shoes for himself; he never loses a good bargain for want of pains; I never din'd with him but once, and then I observed he looked upon me with an evil eye at every slice I cut: I would not love money as he does upon any account.

*Lady Sophia.* We should look narrowly into ourselves concerning this love of money, for it enters the minds of children, and keeps its possession in old age: how few make a true judgment of its value? A man may throw it away upon vanity, that will commit an unjust action to gain it; which shews us the deceit of this vice, ever to be guarded against with the greatest caution. None but the christian keeps money out of his heart, and at the same time manages his income with prudence; he looks upon his fortune as a trust committed to his charge, which he is to dispose of in the service of the Lord, and expects *hereafter* to render his accounts to him; in this temper he makes a just opinion of the value of money: he has no farther concern about it, than to dispose of it as he ought for the time it is trusted to his care.

*Sir Simon.* But, madam, a man may live to be old, and not able to make the best of his fortune; besides which stocks may fall, or a man may be cheated in a mortgage, have his houses burnt down, or lose a ship in a storm; and all these accidents must be provided for: 'tis a wise proverb, Lay up in youth, to make merry in old-age. Money makes friends at all times; and who can expect friends if they have no money? I think I have given sufficient reasons to lay by for a rainy day.

*Lady Sophia.* This providing for every accident which may possibly happen is a deceit that draws us into the vice of covetousness, and shews we set too great a value upon money, supposing *that* can make us easy under all events, or at least that we cannot be happy if we are made a little poorer than we are at present; whereas christians think they are only stewards for their master, who, if he takes away their trust, will always provide what is sufficient for their well-being in this world.



Sir *Simon*. Why, madam, this all ends in faith; and if I had your faith, I should not care how stocks went; but, as I have not, I must not lose another day upon *Exchange*. I heartily wish you a good journey, and I think I shall miss you very much out of *London*, and so will other people too.

Lady *Sophia*. My best wishes attend you: believe me sensible of your favours. Adieu.

Lady *Sophia* pursued her journey in great tranquillity of mind and satisfaction, to think she had now really quitted the world. In six days she arrived safe at *Paradise-Hall*. *Maria* was so impatient to see lady *Sophia*, that she walked five miles to meet her, and when she saw her could not express the ecstasy of her joy otherwise than by a flood of tears. Lady *Sophia* was really so moved with the sight of that young creature, that she neither could forbear shedding tears; she took her into the coach, and when they had a little composed themselves, lady *Sophia* enquir'd after lady *Felician's* health, and desir'd *Maria* to tell her very sincerely, if she might conveniently stay with her, 'till she had provided herself with a house in the neighbourhood. *Maria* assured her, that lady *Felician* expected her with the greatest impatience, and that she might be quite easy in being with her as long as she pleased; for it was one of her greatest pleasures to supply the wants of every creature that was near her, and especially her christian friends.

### *A Discourse between Lady Sophia and Maria.*

Lady *Sophia*. My dear *Maria*, I cannot express the joy I felt when I first heard you were seeking after the christian faith; I make no doubt but you have found great comfort, as all do who are sincere.

*Maria*. I really have been bless'd with such great comforts, I am almost afraid to speak of them, lest they should not be believ'd; but lady *Sophia* (I dare say) has felt the same, and therefore will not think me mad, when I declare I have partaken of the promises in the gospel, that joy and peace in believing that I have a Saviour who loves me, a poor sinful ungrateful creature.

*Lady Sophia.* You make me partaker of your joy, while you declare it : we christians have the blessing of imparting our Lord's gifts to each other, and are united in one spirit, of one family, have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and may rejoice together : but, my dear child, you must not expect always to remain in this joyful state ; there will come a time, when you will experience that holy mourning mentioned by our Saviour ; you will be shew'd your sinful corrupt heart, by the opposition it will make to your christian exercises. These trials you must expect, for they are necessary to bring us to that total resignation of ourselves required of us ; we must be made sensible of that scripture, " Unless you forsake *all*, you cannot be my disciple."

*Maria.* I hope the Lord will never take away my joy, for I think I cannot live without it ; my heart is so filled with the love of *God*, that I hope there is no room left there for any worldly affections to enter.

*Lady Sophia.* The human heart is *by nature* so contrary to the christian tempers, and the heart being (as I may say) the constitution of the soul, will upon many occasions shew its corrupt affections ; and the Lord often withdraws his grace in a degree, that we may be brought to a sense of our evil dispositions, by the struggle they make to gain the victory over our christian faith ; then is our time of fighting against ourselves, and when we have courage to do so, the Lord gives his assistance, (tho' we know it not) and will enable us to overcome through prayer, which is our support in this spiritual conflict with our corrupt affections. Many of these trials the christian must go through ; but in every one of them, if he keeps stedfast to his faith, he will receive a new degree of faith in his Saviour, and a greater love to him, which will prove a full reward for all his sufferings.

*Lady Sophia* here casting her eye into the road, saw lady *Feliciana* walking to meet her : she stopped the coach, and ran to embrace her dear christian friend.

### *Discourse between Lady Feliciana and Lady Sophia.*

*Lady Feliciana.* This is a blessing indeed to see my dear lady *Sophia* in my christian retreat, which I have no thoughts ever to leave ;



leave; here we shut out the world, and only pursue our way to heaven, and are really as happy as we wish to be, trusting all to our dear master, who gives us many comforts, some beyond our hopes, as is *this*, to see my dear friend again in this world.

Lady *Sophia*. I hope I shall be ever grateful to the Lord for all his mercies: the means he *has* used to draw me from my dear brother *now* shew me his care for my soul; while I lived with him, 'twas not possible for me to give up my whole time to the Lord. I hope in this sweet retirement I may live without any hindrance of my christian pursuit.

Lady *Felician*a. I am not without hopes that our prayers will prevail even for *Honorio's* conversion; tho' he is (at present) run away with by his pleasures, yet I observe there is a sincerity and obligingness in his temper, we seldom see in obstinate unbelievers.

Lady *Sophia*. I fear I shall never be so happy to see *Honorio* become a christian. I have omitted no pains in persuading him to consider this great truth, but all in vain; and at present his passion for lady *Flirtilla* has taken such possession of him, he thinks of nothing else. When we are alone, you shall hear my reasons for leaving him; but at present I must take notice of the neatness of these fields we are passing through. The whole country appears a garden agreeably planted; these gravel-paths (which *Maria* gave me an account of) must be extremely convenient to the farmers wives and daughters; but how do you prevail with them to keep their hedges so nicely cut, and to plant their trees in such a regular manner?

Lady *Felician*a. These new plantations (I think) look very pretty: I will tell you the way I have prevailed upon my tenants to keep their grounds in this neat order. My old gardener has a large field, which he makes a nursery: when I came here, I found it crouded with young trees, and the farms quite unplanted through negligence of the tenants; the men diverting themselves with their country-games, and drinking at the ale-houses, the wives poor and repining, and the children cloathed in rags. 'Twas a melancholy sight for me, who had known these people flourishing when I was a child. I went round to every house, and grieved to find all sunk into wickedness, want, and misery; few could read to be understood, or had any notion of worshipping God: they went to church on a *Sunday* without expecting any benefit from it, but out of mere custom: they generally  
slept

slept the whole time. After church was over, they began their wrestlings, &c. in the church-yard, and ended the day in the ale-house. None received the sacrament, except upon their death-beds. I told them I was come to live among them, and hoped we should be a happy parish, if we served the Lord with sincerity. I endeavoured by degrees to give them a notion of their fallen state, and the good effects of *faith* in *Christ*. I told them I would speak to the parson to have church every day at an hour after they had done work, and would desire him to explain the scriptures. I told them, if they liked it, I would make from every house a dry path to the church, and cut their hedges for them at my own expence; and, if they liked to have their farms planted, I would give them trees, and send my gardener to put them in the ground: they all seemed pleased with these proposals. My next point was to destroy the ale-houses: these people were very poor, and glad to give up their houses, upon my giving them a full discharge for their rent. In each of these houses I placed a good sort of an old widow-woman, whom my baker taught to make a better sort of bread than the country-people commonly eat; and my brewer taught them to brew good small-beer. These houses had good beds for travellers, and stabling for horses. I did not confine them in their eatables, leaving that to the constitution of their guests. I gave each woman a sack of meal and a bushel of malt every week, by way of encouraging them to observe my orders; for I found it quite necessary to the reformation of my farmers, and the suppressing the country-games, that there should be no ale sold in the parish; and to strengthen my orders, I suffer no ale in my own family. It has pleased *God* to give a blessing to these endeavours, for now we have neither drinking, gaming, wrestling, cock-fighting, &c. The people behave decently, the men are more careful in providing for their families. The church, at seven, they look upon as their home, and are very assiduous to appear there, with as many of their family as they can bring. It gives me great comfort to see them even in this outward religion; and perhaps in time the *Lord* may open their hearts, to receive the great blessing of *faith* in our *Lord Jesus Christ*.

Lady *Sophia*. It is really wonderful you have brought these people into such a regular order, and shews me what great power people may



may have over their dependants; tho' I imagine you have had several profligates leave their farms, rather than live in this regular way.

Lady *Felician*a. I think those who have dependants ought to concern themselves about their conduct; I grieve so many of my friends are careless in this point. Only six of my tenants have desired to leave their farms, not being able to bear the reproaches cast upon them in the markets, upon account of living in lady *Felician*a's parish; tho' I never had a farm empty, but there were several people ready to take it. I made it a rule to let it to the man who shewed the most desire to become a christian.

Lady *Sophia*. By these beautiful beds of flowers I observe placed about in this field, I imagine we are now drawing near to your house.

Lady *Felician*a. I propose to take you through my garden: we must go over this bridge.

Lady *Sophia*. Which I must stop to admire. These Gothick buildings are very agreeable to the eye, and give us an idea of security, which is proper for a bridge over this rapid river. This cover'd walk now takes my eye; no summer-sun can molest in this thick shade. The openings at the bottom shew your neat fields to perfection: your farm-houses appear rural beauties. I must also observe the river running about your garden in little streams, offering itself to water its enamelled banks of flowers: I think your seat well deserves the name of *Paradise-Hall*.

Lady *Felician*a. The river, that in this place seems only to design our amusement, is of great service to supply my house, then my shops, and at the bottom of the hill unites its streams to grind food for the parish. I will not tire you *now* with walking through the wood; you shall go directly to your own apartment.

[*Lady Felician*a leaves *Lady Sophia*.]

Lady *Sophia* could not help admiring the plainness and conveniency of her apartment: the bed-chamber was large, had fine a view of the wild country, with a distant prospect of the sea: the furniture was white, a kind of serge, light and warm, which she concluded was the product of lady *Felician*a's manufacture: the room within was large, and looked upon the garden: here she finds a table with the following books; a large bible, a small testament, a common-prayer-

book, a book of private devotions, a Latin *Kempis*, and the works of Monf. *De Fenelon* in French. This room was furnished with green, had a writing-table, pair of globes, a harpsichord, and was made completely comfortable.

Lady *Sophia* here fell into a contemplation concerning the difference of her present situation from what she had left, where all was confusion, noise, and hurry. This happy change raised in her mind the highest gratitude to her Lord and Master, who had now, by this unexpected providence, delivered her from the perplexing world, and placed her in this sweet retreat. After some time spent in retirement, she heard her summons to dinner. Lady *Sophia* found *Maria* had given a just account of lady *Feliciana's* table: four plain, but good dishes, two serv'd at a time, with a little dessert according to the season, made the whole of the meal. Lady *Feliciana* thought herself lucky to be without company that day, that she might indulge a private conversation with lady *Sophia*. They soon dismiss'd their dinner, and retiring into the dining-room, began their discourse.

Lady *Feliciana*. I am impatient to hear my dear friend's reasons for leaving her brother: I feared her great affection to him would have kept her in the world contrary to her inclination.

Lady *Sophia*. I am surprized at myself, to find I have quitted what I so tenderly loved; but I see the hand of *God* in all, and how merciful *he* is to those who depend upon *him*. I was fully persuaded my stay would be of no farther service to my brother: since his strong attachment to lady *Flirtilla*, he has never consulted me in any of his affairs, has grown violent against my religion, and when I refused visiting lady *Flirtilla*, he seemed glad to get rid of me; which were sufficient reasons for me to quit a scene of life I could neither approve nor reform.

Lady *Feliciana*. I don't in the least doubt, but you will partake the blessing of those who forsake their dearest friends to follow Christ. As we are now alone, I must ask what account you have to give me of poor *Ambitieno*?

Lady *Sophia*. I hope my dear friend is now become indifferent to that mistaken man. I can give you no comfort in my account of him: lady *Secludia* has strictly observed your desire, in doing all in her power to bring him to consider the christian faith; upon  
which



which account he forbears his usual civilities to her. He never now lets her see him ; since which she has wrote him several excellent letters, which he has treated with the utmost disdain, and by way of ridicule gives them to dean *Lucre*, who (I think) edifies by them in a small degree. I have heard him blame *Ambitiono* for that determined infidelity he shews in every action of his life : I find he dismisses any servant who is seen in a church ; he will not suffer a bible in his house ; if a clergyman says grace at meals, he keeps his seat in contempt, and omits no occasion of shewing his dislike to religion. Vice is a recommendation to him, even in his trades-people. If one of his friends is reported to think more serious than formerly, he takes pains to persuade him out of that thought, and to bring him back into the devil's service. I hear he has met with great mortifications from the ministry, which does not mollify, but rather irritate his malice against religion ; and no call from the Almighty has yet awakened him from this stupidity, in regard to his eternal happiness.

*Lady Feliciana.* I have expected no better account of him, than what you have given me. Deceit and pride resist that grace of God, which works for his salvation : into such a wicked heart wisdom does never enter. I rejoice to hear you think there is a gleam of divine light struck into the mind of dean *Lucre* : I am persuaded he was never satisfied with his infidelity.

*Lady Sophia.* He is call'd in town an *Hutchinsonian*.

*Lady Feliciana.* I have heard of this opinion being different from our modern divines, but never had the particular account of their doctrine.

*Lady Sophia.* This name is given to a few very learned men, who maintain the philosophy of the bible, are very knowing in the *Hebrew* language, and the emblematical meanings of the *Jewish* ceremonies, very clear in proving the Trinity, both from the *Jewish* and Heathen emblems. They believe the scripture-account of the redemption of mankind by the satisfaction of Christ. They allow the influence of the holy spirit enlightening the mind, to understand the scriptures ; but deny any supernatural revelation of *faith* in Christ : they look upon faith as a conviction of their reason, which they take great pains to inform, by comparing one scripture with another, and finding out the meaning of the *Hebrew* words. They

say the New Testament is not to be understood but by the Old: they prove the scriptures plainly shew us the two different natures of man, the nature we bring with us into the world from *Adam*, and the nature we receive in this world through *faith* in *Christ*. They differ from our modern divines in preaching the necessity of a Redeemer, offering up a sufficient sacrifice for the sins of *Adam*, and his corrupt children. They speak of the fallen nature very clearly; but I think are deficient in describing the manner, in which the nature is to be changed through faith in Christ, professing themselves, they never remember the time when they did not believe in Christ.

*Lady Feliciana.* I bless God we have some divines yet who think so deeply of the christian truths: I hope they will be led on to experience the power and joy of these truths reveal'd in their own hearts, and will in time come with us to acknowledge faith to be alone the gift of God, and to be felt in the heart by knowing our *Saviour*, and the power of his resurrection; in being made sensible their sins are pardon'd, and they born again into the spiritual life, born of water by having their sins wash'd away, and born of the spirit by the spiritual life sensibly begun in their souls; which, tho' weak as a little babe at first, by the influence of the holy spirit (which we are permitted to pray for) will grow up a strong man in the Lord.

*Lady Sophia.* I fear these learned men rest too much upon the outward sign, as water in infant-baptism, and are too apt to confine the grace of God to the outward ceremony: having a knowledge of the scriptures, and assenting to the truths of the revelation, seems to be what they call faith.

*Lady Feliciana.* I have often wondered why our divines discourage us so much in seeking after justifying faith, since I know of no christian sect (except the Roman Catholick) but what holds that we receive saving *faith* in *Christ* through supernatural revelation; that we are sensible of the time when we receive justifying faith, and are born of the spirit into eternal life; that this gift is promis'd to the fallen race of man in the scriptures, and never denied to those who diligently seek and pray for it. The articles of our own church speak of justification by faith. We that are born again remember the time when we were not so. This inward principle



ciple of eternal life gives us a sensibility to spiritual things, and a deadness to the things of this world.

Lady *Sophia*. 'Tis surprizing men of great learning and genius, who study the scriptures in order to find out divine truths, should mistake in this particular; for I know by experience they are mistaken in denying the revelation of justifying *faith* in *Christ*.

Lady *Feliciana*. My dear lady *Sophia*, you well know the faith given by revelation requires the whole heart to be dedicated to the Lord, and will never rest 'till it has driven out all worldly affections and all self-esteem. This appears so difficult to the soul, that many are willing to satisfy themselves with the faith of reason, and to imagine that none give up their hearts in a greater degree than themselves; and therefore call all those, who experience the *faith* we speak of, deluded people: and yet these men hope and expect to receive this faith upon their death-beds, which they now call enthusiasm.

Lady *Sophia*. It soon appeared to me, that I must give up the world, if I would obtain the gift of *faith*; but eternal life through faith in *Christ*, so often promised in scripture, I thought of so great moment to my soul, I was ready to give up every thing rather than lose this great happiness. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" are the words of our blessed Saviour.

Lady *Feliciana*, hearing the clock strike five, would have excused herself to lady *Sophia* for an hour, in order to visit her shops; but lady *Sophia* intreated she might attend her, and assured lady *Feliciana*, she was not the least fatigu'd with the events of the day.

The court which contained these shops was placed about the middle of the descent of the hill, that fell from the back part of the house. Lady *Feliciana* took lady *Sophia* through the poor's room, where she observed many happy faces, who were just accommodated with the clothes they wanted. Lady *Feliciana* opened a door into a little gravel-walk covered at the top with thick trees, which were lined within with a sheet-tin painted green, to keep out the rain, and was hid from the eye by the boughs growing over in such a wild manner, that lady *Sophia* perceived nothing of it. She was charmed with the pleasing sound of the river running perpendicular down the hill, dashing over the stones and gravel in its way,  
and

and also with the contrivance of the path that was leading them so insensibly down the hill, 'till it brought them to the court. They made *Maria* the first visit: she was sitting in a large room, with twenty of the farmers daughters of different ages, all employed in work, except two, who were discoursing upon a chapter they had lately read. Lady *Feliciana* kept lady *Sophia* from entering, 'till she had told her the meaning of what she saw: she said *Maria* was the most agreeable person with young people she ever met with. She makes every child learn something that may be of use to it all its life. These two girls you hear discoursing, have read the chapter to her in private, which she has explained to them: she then makes one girl ask the other all the questions she can think of concerning it; if the girl who is to answer is at a loss, she helps her out; after which she makes them read the chapter in the publick school, one to ask questions, and the other to make answers: she chuses two different girls every day, by which means she brings them all to talk upon the scriptures. This rule is also observed in the boys school on *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*. She takes the same method with the catechism. If you observe, they all seem attentive, tho' their fingers are employ'd in work. They have not yet observed us, let us leave them now, and go round our other shops. They then went into the room where the women were spinning: these poor people were all very neatly cloath'd, and looked chearful, and seemed to have a pleasure in their work: the governess begged she might shew lady *Sophia* the great stores she had prepared ready for the weavers. They then went to the weavers shop, who were very busily employed in finishing their day's work. Here Mr. *Knowall* appeared, who carried them round to all the working shops, and shewed them all the tools and contrivances that he had invented for employing people of all capacities and different degrees of strength. Lady *Sophia* observed, that through the directions of *Maria* and Mr. *Knowall*, lady *Feliciana* had very little trouble. Lady *Feliciana* replied, that she thought whatever design was taken up with the single intention of pleasing God, received his blessing, and never gave the christian a perplexing thought. She said, *Knowall* is an extraordinary man, and now in his proper sphere, which is, to teach and govern. Lady *Sophia* proposed making *Maria* a second visit, who they found had just concluded her



her school, with a short prayer she us'd every day upon that occasion, and was coming to meet them. Lady *Sophia* expressed her pleasure in seeing *Maria* employed in a service of so much consequence to the world, as was that of instructing youth; and she thought it must be agreeable to her good intentions, which were ever to promote the happiness of others. *Maria* replied, that she thought the former part of her life had been so contrary to what was right, she never could do enough to retrieve the good opinion of lady *Sophia*, who had been acquainted with her foolish behaviour; and said many things to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord, in turning her foolish steps into the paths of wisdom, and her wicked intentions into a true conversion, and at last to give her the blessing of living in lady *Felician's* happy family.

*Discourse in the drawing-room between lady Felician, Dr. Meanwell, Maria, and lady Sophia.*

*Dr. Meanwell.* I must congratulate lady *Sophia* upon the happy change she has had courage to make of the great world for this religious retirement: as your ladyship sees more of this neighbourhood, you will be charm'd with the good effects of piety in a great lady.

*Lady Felician.* It is very happy, if the Lord permits us to serve him in the lowest degree, that of assisting the bodily wants of our fellow-creatures: all that is done in the mind, must be his own work.

*Maria.* I must confirm what lady *Felician* has just spoken, from the experience I have in those under my care. I teach the same truths to every scholar, but not more than two have yet any apprehension of the spiritual life. I tell them all the way they may obtain it, but cannot persuade them it is a gift worth asking: they find they can do without it in this world, and what concerns the next they are unwilling to think of.

*Lady Sophia.* This is not only the case of children, but of all ages: we are by nature without ideas of spiritual happiness, and therefore conclude, that christians, who follow rules different from the rest of the world, are melancholy, miserable people, and are  
willing

willing to hope that what they do is not required by *God*, but rather the effect of a mistaken religion. But if it please *God* to convince one of these people of the sin of unbelief, and to shew them they have no happiness promised them in the next world but through *faith* in *Christ*, they will set themselves to pray, and search the scriptures, 'till they receive the gift of *faith*, which gives them the apprehension of the spiritual happiness. I wish all people would consider that *eternal life* is only promised to the believer in *Christ*.

Dr. *Meanwell*. Madam, what you say is the real truth. There is no eternal life (which words mean eternal happiness) promised to any, but those who believe in *Christ*; and nothing our Saviour (who best knows our happiness) insists so much upon, as our believing in *him*: he tells us, *he* is the way, the truth, and the life, and none can come to the father but through *him*, and the father draweth all men to him; so that whoever loveth *God* is ready to believe in *him*, and to come to *him*, to hear his words, and to keep his commandments.

Lady *Sophia*. What doctor *Meanwell* says is entirely agreeable to my way of thinking. I see no salvation for my own soul but through faith in *Christ*, and I bless *God* every day for giving me this faith in my Saviour. Salvation appears to me to be the free gift of *God* in *Christ*, and in *Christ* we see what is the salvation: in *him* we see an entire submission to the will of *God*, an unwearied care for the salvation of souls, a tender compassion for the miseries of those he pleases to call his brethren, a life of *faith*, suffering affliction patiently, going about doing good, despising the shame of the cross for the joy that was set before him. Thus far he pleases to shew himself our example, and promises by his divine power to assist us in our endeavours to follow his steps: "Unless a man deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple," are his own words.

Dr. *Meanwell*. This doctrine of the cross is so averse to our corrupt nature, that people are continually inventing some easier way to heaven; and study the scriptures for no other end, but to find out some meaning of them which may indulge the old nature: but, when they once experience the power of faith, they are willing to take up the cross, and follow *Christ*.

Lady



*Lady Sophia.* I rejoice to find you are in the way of the holy cross, which is the only sure way to heaven: but what do your neighbouring clergy say to this doctrine? do they not call you a Methodist?

*Dr. Meanwell.* Both I, and this good lady my patroness, are called Methodists by the whole country, except those who are Methodists; and they treat us with contempt, and say we are in bondage to the church-walls; but my lady's maxim is never to enquire or regard what people say of her.

*Lady Feliciana.* I really think these sects among christians would not be permitted by God, unless they did some good in the world; and many I believe have been awakened by the Methodists. But I think, if such follow the call of God, they will perceive the inward change of heart is wrought in us by the power of Christ alone; and that he is ever present with them, and will bless the ordinances of our church to them. Those who are willing to submit to the mortified life of the christian in an heathen family, will find the strength of the Lord is sufficient for them. I think there is danger in joining a sect, lest we should think ourselves more holy for belonging to such a society; as is the case of many, and what hinders the soul in its spiritual progress, and from looking into its sinful state.

*Lady Sophia.* I shall be glad to hear doctor *Meanwell's* opinion of the Moravians.

*Dr. Meanwell.* I do not personally know any of the Moravian teachers, but, from what I have read of their books, believe some of them experience the depths of christianity; but since they have been tempted to gain proselytes, I think they have given too much indulgence to the old nature, by waving the doctrine of the inward holy cross. Where I do not perceive the fruits of the holy spirit, I look upon such as no true christians, whatever they may call themselves.

*Maria.* I think teachers are not to bear the blame of hypocrites that join them.

*Lady Sophia.* Nor upon any account to encourage them.

*Dr. Meanwell.* It is a surprise to me, since lady *Feliciana* is come to live in this country in such an hospitable agreeable manner; that

we have not more ladies pretending to religion, tho' they have none in their hearts.

Lady *Sophia*. I was just upon asking lady *Felician*a, how she contrived to keep away the hypocrites from this agreeable place.

Lady *Felician*a. I have had several visits from the neighbouring ladies, who have pretended to like my way, and to be very fond of religion. I have always treated them as sincere, and have never talked to them of any other subject than religion, which infallible rule has, by degrees, sent away all the hypocrites.

Here doctor *Meanwell* put the company in mind of the time of church, by taking his leave. The ladies, with the train of all the family, followed soon after. Lady *Sophia* was struck with the most agreeable admiration when she entered the church, which yet continued to be lighted at seven o'clock. It was that night very full: the congregation consisted chiefly of lady *Felician*a's tenants: there were besides a few strangers: all the people were seated with the greatest decency, and in the most profound stillness seemed to be composing their thoughts for their spiritual exercise. Doctor *Meanwell* read the prayers with great devotion, after which the organ played, and the clerk gave out the psalm, which the people sung in a solemn tune, suitable to the subject. After this was ended, doctor *Meanwell* explained the second lesson, which he did very well, and plainly to be understood by the unlearned: after the lecture they sung a second psalm. Lady *Felician*a spent about a quarter of an hour in speaking to some of those she had seen most attentive: every body seemed pleased to look at their landlady, whom they loved with a sincere affection. When all was ended, the ladies returned home: in the walk lady *Sophia* observed to *Maria*, she had never been so happy at church, as she was that evening: she thought herself almost arrived at the gates of heaven, and she hoped it would please *God* to keep her near lady *Felician*a as long as she lived in this world. When they came home, lady *Sophia* insisted upon lady *Felician*a's not altering any rule, upon account of supposing her tired with her journey, for she never was better in her life. Lady *Felician*a replied, We often join in a little concert of divine musick at this time: 'tis not a rule we strictly observe, as it is only meant to gratify our pious inclinations,  
but



but as lady *Sophia* would see our manner of spending the day (in which she sees our lives, for we do the same things every day.) Here they began their divine concert, with the addition of lady *Sophia's* voice, which was very agreeable: after the musick was ended, lady *Sophia*, lady *Feliciana*, and *Maria* were called to supper, where the discourse turned upon the exposition they had heard at church, and lady *Feliciana* gave the following account of doctor *Meanwell*:

“ He was son to a faithful servant of my father's, who was at the  
 “ expence of his education. He was always esteemed a good-natured  
 “ young man, who kept peace in families, and was much beloved;  
 “ but not having a bright genius, my father fixed him in this distant  
 “ country, which now proves a happiness to me. When I first came  
 “ here, he was quite a moral clergyman, encouraging mirth and  
 “ jollity in the neighbourhood, and invited to every feast; for his  
 “ good-humour made him welcome where-ever he came: when I  
 “ talked to him upon the christian *faith*, he seemed ignorant, but not  
 “ offended. I often repeated to him the first principles of inward  
 “ religion; I found he considered what I said, and agreed with me,  
 “ that *faith* was to be obtained through prayer. He grew more  
 “ serious every day, and willingly complied with my directions con-  
 “ cerning the service in his church; by degrees his worldly friends  
 “ left him, which I was pleased to see he did not regret. In a little  
 “ time it pleased *God* to bless him with the gift of *faith*; after which  
 “ he improved surprisingly in his preaching, and left off all his feastings  
 “ and jollity: he now employs his time in a most christian manner,  
 “ is of great service in the parish, omitting no opportunity of pro-  
 “ moting the christian cause, and really (in all respects) is a most  
 “ excellent parish-priest.” Lady *Feliciana* had just ended this account of doctor *Meanwell*, when the bell rung for prayers. They found all the family assembled together, to the number of twenty-five. Lady *Sophia* was pleased to see her brother's servants again at these prayers, having seen them before at church: she hoped they were inclined to like a religious family. After prayers were ended, the family separated, and lady *Feliciana* wished lady *Sophia* a sweet repose in her new apartment, and hoped she should meet her in the same room at eight the next morning. Lady *Sophia* replied, she hoped nothing would prevent her joining at the hour mentioned with her pious family, in offering up their morning devotions. At eight the next

morning the family met at their prayers. Lady *Sophia* prevented lady *Felician*a from asking after her repose, by telling her, she never slept better than in her new apartment, or began the day in a more agreeable disposition of mind. Lady *Felician*a rejoiced to find she was in the least conducive to lady *Sophia*'s happiness. After this friendly salutation, lady *Felician*a went to give the orders of her family, and lady *Sophia* desired *Maria* to walk with her into the wood.

*Discourse between Maria and Lady Sophia.*

Lady *Sophia*. How soon we find ourselves in the wood, which is the most natural beauty I have seen of this kind, where no art appears, tho' I imagine there must be some care taken to keep the walks in such nice order! How sweet is the scent of the trees at this season, and how harmonious the musick of the innocent birds! methinks we all live in a little paradise: my dear *Maria*, what a happy change have we both made by quitting the world!

*Maria*. I often think myself unworthy of these great blessings, who am not so entirely devoted to God as I ought to be. Worldly thoughts often intrude themselves, when I wish to think of nothing but what concerns eternity.

Lady *Sophia*. This struggle dear *Maria* perceives in herself, when she would keep out the world, shews me the sincerity of her heart; for, when we come in earnest to renounce ourselves, we always shall find it difficult not to entertain worldly thoughts, which make their attempts under the appearance of harmless indulgence; but they are not to be trusted. Whatever is not of faith is sin; and therefore there is no listening to worldly thoughts, *however* innocent, any farther than they belong to our spiritual life. We should enter deep into the search of our inward affections, to find if there is not some lurking thief hid there, to rob us of our joy in believing: the *life of faith* is truly a happy life, proposing nothing more than to serve the Lord, and expecting reward from *him* alone; when he gives comfort, to rejoice in the blessing; when he tries with temptations, to depend upon his strength to carry us through them; when he afflicts, to beg his support; and to be always comforted, by seeing that afflictions, temptations,



tions, and trials end with this life, beyond which we see nothing but complete happiness.

*Maria.* This must be a blessed state indeed, which lady *Sophia* has described, and what I believe she experiences, and I most sincerely covet. I have felt some gleams of this happiness, at which time I thought my heart was entirely given up to God; but so very deceitful is *my heart*, I think I shall never know the worst of it. I am ashamed to confess, so great is my weakness in regard to lord *Honorio*, that only the sight of his servants and equipage yesterday brought his idea so strong before my eyes, that I cannot get rid of it yet.

Lady *Sophia.* I lament you ever saw that deceitful man; but I hope in time you will overcome this unlucky affection, which you must look upon as your particular temptation, and let it always be resisted by prayer, which is our refuge in all our dangers. When we turn our thoughts upon the cross of Christ, the devil flies from us, and ceases his temptations.

*Maria.* What a privilege is it to be permitted to pray for strength, when we find ourselves weak, and to know we *shall receive* what we ask in *faith*! I trust my heart will be made right in the Lord's time.

Here they received a summons to breakfast, where lady *Sophia* and *Maria* found lady *Feliciana* with three strangers, who came to talk with her upon religion. Lady *Sophia* was charmed with the propriety of lady *Feliciana's* answers to all their extraordinary questions. This conversation continued 'till the bell rung for church. Lady *Feliciana* desired lady *Sophia* would conduct the visitors to church through the summer-walk, while she made her visit in the poor's room, from whence she would meet them at the end of the walk. The strangers were delighted to see the neatness of the church, and the decency of the congregation. After church was ended, lady *Feliciana* took leave of the strangers, and walked home with lady *Sophia*: in the way she told her, she intended to inquire after *Realletta* in her walks, for she feared some accident had prevented her coming to them that morning as usual. While she was speaking, a servant gave lady *Feliciana* a note, which brought an account of the sudden death of *Realletta's* grandmother. Lady *Feliciana* went immediately to see that young creature; who she feared would be terrified with such a melancholy

choly accident, Lady *Sophia* excused herself going with lady *Felici-  
ana*, upon the account of her being a stranger to *Realletta*, and took  
this opportunity of writing to her brother.

*Lady Sophia's Letter to Honorio.*

*My dear Brother,*

“ I am much obliged to you for the kindness of your equipage,  
“ which has brought me safe into that sweet religious retirement I  
“ so much wished to be in. Your unkind behaviour I pass over, and  
“ desire you will always look upon me as a friend ready to serve you  
“ in every thing conducive to your true happiness. Lady *Felici-  
ana* maintains a hope for you, pleasing to me beyond expectation. I  
“ wish you could prevail with yourself to see this place, and take a  
“ view of the composed lives of christians, held in contempt by the  
“ world, because they are ignorant of their happiness.

*Your truly affectionate*

*April 25, 1751.*

S O P H I A.”

Lady *Sophia* spent her retir'd hours this morning in that sweet  
composure of mind peculiar to the christian: she could not help  
wishing that men, immersed in worldly pleasures were to taste (tho'  
but for one half-hour) the happiness a christian feels in divine con-  
templation; for sure it must bring them to despise their former life,  
full of foolish anxieties, and restless pursuits after vanities. How rea-  
sonable is the life of lady *Felici-ana*! every day she has the happiness  
of promoting the good of some of her fellow-creatures, and is blessed  
with such a contented spirit, she wishes for nothing in this world more  
than she possesses. Lady *Sophia*, observing the beauty of the day, was led  
to carry on her contemplations in the wood; but opening her cham-  
ber-door, was prevented by seeing lady *Felici-ana* ready to enter her  
apartment.

*Discourse*



*Discourse between Lady Feliciana and Lady Sophia.*

*Lady Feliciana.* I am come to give lady *Sophia* an account of my proceedings this morning in regard to *Realletta*: I found her in the parlour with that odious attorney, who has made so much mischief in families in this country, by perplexing their affairs in such an artful way, that no-body is the better for what their friends leave them. This man was employed by lady *Prudentia* to watch the death of her late husband's mother, (who she expected would leave her estate to her) and to take care the servants embezzled none of her goods. He looked with a wild meagre eye upon *Realletta*. As I entered, poor *Realletta* said, whatever state God pleased to allot for her, she hoped he would bless it to her, and then she should be happy. Upon my desiring Mr. *Croakbam* to tell me what he had been saying to miss *Realletta*, he answered, Why, madam, I was telling her, I hoped she had provided a place to be in, for she must not stay here any longer. I don't know but I may be answerable for the breakfast she eat this morning. The law indeed permits servants to be kept 'till after the funeral, but it says nothing of companions. By what I can find, miss *Realletta* was imposed upon by her grandmother, who was *non compos*, and not capable of inviting any body to live with her. Miss says, she came down by the orders of lady *Prudentia*, but that must be proved in court; and I can't see how she will be able to prove a thing she has no witness of: I believe it will be found, she must pay for her board the time she has been with her grandmother. They tell me, she has been very expensive in giving to the poor people, what might have served the family for a day's meat. Here I interrupted him, by asking how the old lady had disposed of her estate, and if he did not think *Realletta* was the next heir? He said, she was the next heir; but that signified nothing, for the old lady might give her estate to whom she pleased; and he could not think she would give it to a girl, who might change her name. Perhaps we mayn't know who will have the estate these seven years: every body's title must be looked into, and several forms gone through, before any one takes it for their own; and possibly so much money will be spent about it, that the estate must be sold at last, and no-body the better for it. I wish

wish (for my part) I mayn't injure my family in undertaking this affair: I am sure I do it out of friendship to lady *Prudentia* — With more of this lawyer's cant, which I found affected the mind of poor *Realletta* so much, I proposed taking her home with me, to which she readily complied. Mr. *Croakham* told me, I must answer for the young lady, who must be forth-coming when her mother demanded her; but he heartily wished me the advantage I proposed in taking her under my care: for his part, he had no design but to serve his friend in all that he did.

Lady *Sophia*. *Realletta* is very happy in having a christian friend: I have felt the comfort of that blessing in distress, when I knew not where to go, or that I had a friend in the world. *Maria's* letter, with your kind invitation, gave that ease to my mind, which I imagine *Realletta* now feels from your taking her under your protection: I dare say she feels herself a beggar at this time, which may prove a blessing, in bringing her to cast all her care upon God: a christian must see they really beg their daily bread, and are supported from the same hand as the ravens. Tho' it pleases the Lord to try *Realletta* with this apprehension of poverty at present, I more fear for her the temptations of wealth and grandeur. She must be a great fortune if she lives longer than her mother; tho' all is hers at present, it must come to *Realletta* when she dies. I have heard her father's estate was three thousand pounds a year; and 'tis my opinion, her grandmother's estate is left to her. It seems unaccountable, that lady *Prudentia* should expect the estate of her husband's mother.

Lady *Feliciiana*. We know by experience, there are people in the world who think every thing belongs to them. If lady *Sophia* likes to be introduced to *Realletta*, let us make her a visit this afternoon: I conclude, she can have no great concern for her grandmother, as she had never seen her 'till after she was superannuated.

Lady *Sophia*. Since you think it not improper, I shall be pleased with the acquaintance of so extraordinary a young person.



*Discourse in Realletta's apartment, between Lady Feliciana,  
Lady Sophia, and Realletta.*

*Lady Feliciana.* My dear *Realletta*, I am come to introduce lady *Sophia*, whom you have so long desired to see: with her I bring you the comfort of another christian friend: this I know will fully make amends for the ill-treatment you met with in the morning from *Mr. Croakham*.

*Realletta.* I thank God, there is no treasure upon earth I value equal with my christian friends: I esteem them blessings from the Lord, upon whom I may confidently rely; and I hope their friendship is begun in time, to last for eternity: whatever ends with this world, is not so highly to be esteemed.

*Lady Sophia.* I must congratulate dear *Realletta* upon the extraordinary degree of grace and wisdom the Lord hath blessed her with, to which she must impute the right judgment she makes of the things belonging to this world: there is no dependence upon people in their natural state; for, 'till we have received a spiritual life, and have the grace of God to direct and purify our hearts through *faith* in *Christ*, there is no constancy in us; we are like *waves* tossed about with every blast of pleasure.

*Lady Feliciana.* Not only our friends, but also our fortunes are precarious in this vain world: my estate in this country, which seems secured to me for life, I look upon with so much uncertainty, that I can very sincerely pray for my daily bread. This dependent state of the christian makes us look to *God* for the daily blessings of our lives: we are not anxious for the future, knowing that our *friend* is almighty and everlasting. Tho' what I possess at present was secured to me in the handsomest manner by *Ambitiono*, who consulted with my nearest relations; yet, as they are all of the world, I should not be surpris'd, was *Ambitiono* to dispute my income, to see them join with him, and be ready to give up their trust to the most considerable. The world will love its own: 'tis natural for them to hate the christian, as much as they hate the christian faith.

*Lady Sophia.* I think, since we feel so much trouble in ourselves from the corrupt nature, (not yet quite subdued) we cannot wonder to see it prevail so much in those who seek no aid from divine grace: where the old nature bears the sway, there is nothing *bad* we may not expect from it.

*Realletta.* I often think what a happy change the christian will find in stepping out of this world into the next: what can they lose, in leaving a place where continual troubles try their patience?

*Lady Feliciana.* Every day a christian is permitted to live in this world, should be esteem'd a blessing, as it may prove a day of grace. Could we spend a whole life in the single service of God, to what a great degree of holiness might we not arrive!

*Lady Sophia.* It will ever be matter of wonder to me, that I can omit any opportunity of improving my interest in the next world. I hope I shall be so happy to meet with a house near lady *Feliciana*: she is a true friend to me, upon whom I may safely confide in all my difficulties and doubts. To have a christian friend, who is able to lead us still higher than we are, I think a peculiar happiness, and what *Realletta*, and myself (I hope) are truly sensible of.

*Realletta.* I must ever acknowledge the comfort I have received in the counsel of dear lady *Feliciana*, which I have always found has been pleasing to God, who I am persuaded by his good providence placed me in her neighbourhood. Often have I been wandering out of the narrow path, which leads to eternal life; sometimes through an over-heated zeal; sometimes through a lazy disposition, in submitting to my natural tempers, fancying I had done all when I quitted the world: but, alas! the world within I found a more dangerous enemy. The outward was conquered by flying from it, but the inward world disputed the matter with me in my retirement. How gently did lady *Feliciana* always lead me into my narrow path again, when I was turned out of the way, and set me to watch and pray, lest I entered into temptation! The favour she shews me at this time, in taking me, a poor vagabond, into her family, is not to be compared to the spiritual assistance I have received from her.

*Lady Feliciana.* I must intreat my dear friends to wave their commendations of me, who can do nothing of myself, I assure them. If the Lord makes me of service to any creature, they must look



look upon it as the blessing he gives through a very unworthy instrument.

Lady *Sophia*. We will say no more to offend our best friend; but I must desire (notwithstanding I give no reason why) that she will provide me a house, within a walk of her own.

Lady *Feliciana*. I must insist upon the favour of lady *Sophia*'s contenting herself with a christian apartment in my house, where she will find full exercise for all her good dispositions.

Lady *Sophia*. If lady *Feliciana* will give me leave to add one hundred pounds yearly towards the furniture of her poor's room, I shall embrace her proposal with the sincerest pleasure.

Lady *Feliciana*. As dear lady *Sophia* so easily submits to my request, I cannot refuse hers; tho' I think it more blessed to give than to receive.

These three friends liv'd on in the most agreeable christian friendship, without any extraordinary event, near two months, at the end of which *Realletta* received the following letter from her guardian, Sir *Worldly Esteem*.

## L E T T E R.

Madam,

" I have not had it in my power 'till this post to give you any  
 " certain account of your affairs; your grandmother having appointed particular people to be present when her will was opened,  
 " who could not be collected together 'till yesterday morning. The  
 " purport of the will is as follows: she leaves her estate to your  
 " late father, during his life, and in case he died in her life-time,  
 " to his eldest child, under the direction of the following guardians,  
 " 'till such child should come to the age of twenty-one years, viz.  
 " Sir *John Trusty*, Bart. of *Weatherbeaten-Castle* in the county of  
 " *Cornwall*;  
 " Sir *Worldly Esteem*, Knt. of *Vanity-Lodge* in the county of *Surry*;  
 " And farther, if such child proves a daughter, desires the favour  
 " of lady *Esteem* to direct her education 'till the age of twenty-one  
 " years.

" Sir *John Trusty* has offered to manage your estate, which he  
 " assures me will answer a clear twelve hundred pounds a year with  
 " good management; but he insists upon having nothing to do with  
 " Mr. *Croakham*, so we have signed his discharge.

" I have consulted my wife about your living with us, who  
 " would very willingly give her assistance in your education, had you  
 " no mother; but, as you have, she can't answer it to the world to  
 " divide mother and daughter; for (surely) parents are the most  
 " proper people to educate their own children. We have allotted five  
 " hundred pounds a year for your maintenance and education, which  
 " I shall take care to pay punctually to lady *Prudentia*, to whom I  
 " have committed the care of your person; that of your estate  
 " being undertaken by sir *John Trusty*, I think I have no more to  
 " do in this affair, and am,

*Madam,*

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

London, June 20th, 1751.

Worldly Esteem.

" P. S. My wife desires her compliments."

Lady *Felician*a observed *Realletta* was greatly affected with the contents of her guardian's letter, tho' in a different manner from what most other young people would have been at the news of so large a fortune; for she shewed no marks in her countenance, but of the deepest concern. After a few moments spent in silence, *Realletta* recovered herself enough to speak.

*Realletta*. Dear lady *Felician*a, tell me what I shall do in this perplexing affair. You see my guardian's cruelty condemns me to the direction of a worldly mother, who, if she insists upon my living with her, I fear will try me beyond my strength to leave  
 this



this earthly paradise ; and to return to that wretched wilderness of the world, is more than I can endure. I may say then with *Cain*, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

*Lady Feliciana.* I most sincerely feel the apprehension of parting with my christian friend ; but have hopes it will yet be permitted us to live longer in this heavenly community. Let us trust our cause to God, and pray, that his will may be always dearer to us than our own : perhaps he may first sanctify this affliction to our souls, and after cause it to end in our comfort. Worldly people (tho' they don't perceive or intend it) are always carrying on the design of God's righteous providence, and we are sure that all things work together for good to those who love God.

*Lady Sophia.* I will take my leave at present, for I see poor *Realletta* wishes to be alone with lady *Feliciana*.

*Lady Feliciana.* We can't part with you, 'till you promise to return to us in an hour.

*Lady Sophia.* I promise you I will. [She goes out.

*Lady Feliciana* and *Realletta* had recourse to prayer, and it pleased the Lord to give them peace of mind, and a quiet submission to his blessed will. *Lady Sophia*, according to promise, returned within the hour : when she came into the room, she observed a great change in the looks of *Realletta*, which were now composed and resigned.

*Lady Sophia.* I conclude my dear friends have been employing their time in prayer, that constant support to the christian in affliction. I can't say my time has been employed in so spiritual a manner, tho' I have been contriving a good work, which I hope will be accepted of the Lord, and may receive his blessing. It was this : in considering over lady *Feliciana's* charities, I found there was nothing left for me to do in assisting the poor, unless I provided a house to take in sick people. The plan I have formed is as follows : to have ten warm bedchambers, and a large room below to the south, with a door into the garden for the people to be in who do not keep their beds : in this room I would have read, four times in the day, a short prayer suited to the capacities and circumstances of these people ;

people; and this I propose to have performed by a black, who was left in my brother's country-house, where he is little regarded, tho' he is a most excellent creature: he has the true spirit of piety, and christian diligence of taking every opportunity to instruct the ignorant: besides which, he shews a genius to physick; he can set a bone, and bleed extremely well, and manages a wound according to his country fashion, which, tho' it is directly contrary to our practice here, I think is a much safer and surer way, than what our surgeons use, for he cures by fomentations and physick, what the surgeon would condemn to the knife. I also propose making a house-keeper of one I have seen in lady *Felicianas* family, with two girls to assist her: if she should want more people to watch with the sick, she may take women (by turns) out of the parish. I propose taking in poor sick travellers, or any in the neighbourhood, who have not friends to take a proper care of them when they are ill. I shall have a hot bath, and a cold bath; and every one who comes into my hospital, shall go into the hot bath to be made clean, and their old cloaths washed, and laid by for them when they go out. I shall have belonging to my hospital proper dresses for the sick: as soon as they recover, they shall have sufficient money given them, to carry them to their parishes. I will never turn any out of my hospital, 'till they are really cured: where I find it proper, they shall ride, for I will keep two horses for that purpose. I propose taking a poor old man who understands a kitchen-garden, who shall employ recovering patients according to their strength. At one end of the house I shall build two rooms for myself to live in, while there is any dangerous infectious distemper, to keep the patients in order, under the direction of the black, whom I think, from proofs I have had of his skill, to be the best physician in *England*.

Lady *Felicianas*. I hope God almighty will give his blessing to this good design. I know of a house within a mile of this place will suit your purpose, which you may enter upon immediately.

Here the two ladies, observing *Realletta* to grow ill, advised her to retire to her apartment, and try to rest. In this interval, lady *Sophia* begged the favour of lady *Felicianas* to shew her the house she had proposed for her hospital, which answered their design so well,



well, that lady *Sophia* immediately agreed for it. The ladies, upon enquiring after *Realletta's* health the next morning, heard she had pass'd a restless night; upon which they went together to her apartment. They found her reading a letter, which seem'd to give her comfort: as soon as she observed lady *Feliciano*, she put the letter into her hand, and desired she would read it aloud; which was as follows.

*Lady Prudentia's Letter to Miss Realletta.*

Dear Miss *Realletta*,

June 21, 1752.

" I have been prevail'd upon by your good friend sir *Worldly*  
 " *Esteem* to receive you again into my family. Sir *John Trusty*  
 " assures me you have behaved very dutifully to your grandmother,  
 " and he thinks you are a good girl, and he sees nothing ridicu-  
 " lous in your religion. I hope from this account you have left  
 " off your primitive manners, and have now sense to conform your-  
 " self to the customs of the world. I am sorry I can't send for  
 " you so soon, as (perhaps) you may expect; for I am now upon  
 " changing my house. When I am ready to receive you, you  
 " shall hear from me."

Lady *Feliciano*. I hope my dear *Realletta* will take the comfort I do from this letter: here is no time fixed for your departure, and I think no great inclination shew'd by lady *Prudentia* for your coming to her. True christianity is so very odious to worldly minds, that I think it will ever prove a bar to divide you and your mother.

This happy society lived some months in great tranquillity, but were at length disturbed by the arrival of Mrs. *Patchup*, which lady *Feliciano* kept a secret for some hours from *Realletta*, who was at that time employ'd with lady *Sophia*, who had taken great pleasure in teaching *Realletta* (at vacant times) the sciences, of which she was herself a complete mistress.

*Discourse between Lady Feliciana and Mrs. Patchup,  
who gives Lady Feliciana a Letter.*

Mrs. Patchup. I suppose lady *Prudentia* informs your ladyship in this letter of the reasons why I am sent to carry miss *Realletta* to *London*. I hope miss has laid aside some of her religion, now she is heiress to such a good estate.

Lady *Felicianap*. I am sorry, Mrs. *Patchup*, to find you think religion must be laid aside, when our fortunes increase. I am pleased to tell you, 'tis far otherwise with *Realletta*, who thinks herself possessed of no more than the daily bread she is commanded to beg of God.

Mrs. *Patchup*. That's a strange religion indeed, which puts great ladies upon the footing of beggars. I am sure lady *Prudentia* will never bear miss, while she keeps these mean notions. Her ladyship delights in nothing but what is grand and noble. I don't know but her ladyship may be a countess before her daughter: Lord *Cringe-Cripple* visits her every day: he has a large estate in the north, and has been an admirer of my lady these thirty years. I am sure my lady has played her cards very well, to be setting out in the world again a countess, and bringing herself related to so many great families at her age: if miss was to mind her mamma's advice, and comply with the ways of the world, I don't doubt she would soon be a countess too.

Lady *Feliciana*. I am sorry people should neglect the high calling of a christian, and weary themselves to obtain these foolish honours. What comfort is it to poor lord *Cringe-Cripple* to see his coronet upon his crutches, or for lady *Prudentia* to know that a few years hence there will be one upon her coffin?

Mrs. *Patchup*. People in *London* don't think upon these dismal things: what they chiefly think upon, is respect and amusements. Now I must tell my news, but I suppose your ladyship has heard my lord *Ambitiono* has turned dean *Lucre* out of his house, upon account of his having too much religion; but I am sure miss *Realletta* would think his religion was nothing at all. Lady *Secludia* and lady *Fidelia* are more religious than ever, and nobody now visits them



them for fear of being ridiculed by the world; for the world is determined to despise religion, and shut it out of all polite company: and unless miss *Realletta* will promise to forsake all the ways belonging to this new religion, (I tell your ladyship in secret) I have orders not to bring her to *London*.

Lady *Feliciana* was so rejoiced with the secret Mrs. *Patchup* had told her, she was impatient to tell it *Realletta*, and sent *Maria* to entertain Mrs. *Patchup*.

*Discourse between Mrs. Patchup and Maria.*

*Maria.* Mrs. *Patchup*, would you chuse to take any refreshment before dinner?

*Mrs. Patchup.* No; I rather chuse to talk, than to eat. I suppose, madam, you are parson *Plod*'s daughter. I have something to tell you of my lord *Honorio*. Well, these men are so inconstant, he is now for ever with *Flirtilla*, and the presents that he makes her are enough to buy a little estate.

*Maria.* I am surprized, as lady *Flirtilla* is a married woman, that she gives so much encouragement to him: I am sure he would not follow her, unless he was well received. Pray, what does the world say of it?

*Mrs. Patchup.* The world is very well satisfied, for they think it will certainly be a match, when sir *Simon* dies.

*Maria.* Pray, do they think he is near his end?

*Mrs. Patchup.* I don't hear any thing of that, tho' I don't know but he may; for he has given a hundred pounds lately to the Foundling-hospital: he is grown very religious, and the world laughs at him, and calls him lady *Sophia*'s convert; but for my part, I think lady *Flirtilla*'s behaviour has almost broke his heart.

*Maria.* Is lady *Flirtilla* very handsome?

*Mrs. Patchup.* I think she is very like you in the face: her person is tall and genteel; but she rakes herself to death, and looks ten years older than she is. She has a great deal to say for herself, and she turns my lord *Honorio* about just as she pleases. I hear he

is very jealous of her : the servants tell me he is so cross in his family, they dare not speak to him ; they often wish for lady *Sophia* again.

Here Mrs. *Patchup* was sent for into *Realletta's* apartment.

*Maria* being left alone cou'd not but reflect what a blessing Mrs. *Patchup's* relation had been made to her ; for now she was convinced that lord *Honorio's* affections were so placed upon lady *Flirtilla*, that he could have no regard left for her. She now felt a desire in her heart never to think [of him more. She perceived his idea would no longer be entertained with pleasure, and would cease to interrupt her spiritual exercise. Now she acknowledged the goodness of God, in answering her prayers in a way effectual, tho' very surprising to her.

*Discourse in Realletta's apartment, between Lady Feliciana, Lady Sophia, Realletta, and Mrs. Patchup, which concludes the Book.*

*Realletta.* I hope I see Mrs. *Patchup* in health, and that she left mamma the same. I must tell you, you are come into a dangerous house, which none that ever enter desire to leave.

*Mrs. Patchup.* I hope, miss, you are not one of these, but will cast off part of your religion, and come amongst us to make a figure. Your mamma will be proud of such a daughter, if she behaves like other young ladies.

*Realletta.* Indeed, Mrs. *Patchup*, I can never think of conforming my religion to the behaviour of young ladies who have none. My behaviour must always conform to my religion, upon which I depend for all my happiness in time and in eternity.

*Mrs. Patchup.* I find, miss, you are as undutiful as ever, and as unwilling to give up your religion. I don't find riches make any alteration in you. I don't suppose you will come into my lady's terms ; but, however, I will discharge my message, that you may know what you are to submit to, if you live in her family — But let me look for my paper.



*The Paper describing the terms upon which miss Realletta is to be admitted again into her mother's family.*

First, She is never to give her opinion of religion, tho' asked, and to avoid any topick of conversation, which may introduce the subject of religion.

Secondly, She must dress after the present fashion.

Thirdly, As she has a voice, she must learn fashionable songs, and never refuse to sing when she is asked, tho' it be on a *Sunday*.

Fourthly, Never to enter a church, but when she follows her mother.

Fifthly, To read no religious books, but what her mother approves.

Sixthly, That she never visit or contrive meetings either with lady *Secludia*, or lady *Fidelia*.

Seventhly, That she leave off her primitive looks and behaviour, and assume the modern air.

Eighthly, That she submit to wear gold, pearls, and to the plaiting of the hair.

Ninthly, That she go to plays, operas, balls, &c. as often, and with whom her mother shall direct her.

Tenthly, Not to boggle at an innocent lye by way of civility, and keeping up the esteem of those people who are disagreeable to converse with.

Eleventhly, To break off all commerce with the christians residing at *Paradise-Hall*.

Twelfthly, To refuse no match proposed to her by her mother and guardians.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Miss, if you will subscribe to these terms, I am to tell you, lady *Prudentia* will receive you with pleasure : if you refuse, my lady has excused herself to the world by making this kind offer, and will see you no more.

*Realletta*. Several of these articles you have read to me being contrary to scripture, I must refuse to give my assent to them, let the consequence be what it will.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Then I have no more business here: to-morrow I propose returning.

Lady *Feliciana*. I wish Mrs. *Patchup* would stay here one week to see our manner of life.

Mrs. *Patchup*. I am much obliged to your ladyship; but, if I am required to attend all your prayers, I shall not be able to bear it.

Lady *Sophia*. I am sorry Mrs. *Patchup* has a disposition to refuse so charming an offer. I shall be glad to know what are your apprehensions of the joys of heaven.

Mrs. *Patchup*. Ladies, I think it is time enough to think of heaven when we come to die: I hope the road thither is easier than you make it. If lady *Feliciana* will give me leave, I will take a view of these gardens and buildings, for I expect a strict examination of the particulars of *Paradise-Hall*.

Lady *Feliciana* sent for *Maria* to shew Mrs. *Patchup* every thing she desired to see. She left them the next day, in order to return to *London*. — All this happy society of christians are now at rest, and freed from the apprehensions of any farther disturbance from lady *Prudentia*. They continue to spend their time in the constant course of piety and good works, preparing themselves for a blessed eternity, which opens more strong to their view every day, and confirms their resolutions of forsaking all to follow *Christ*.

F I N I S.

